

JANUARY 16, 1989



Shootout off Tobruk

\$2.00

TIME

Date Due

JAN 16 1989

This man may
turn you green
with envy —
or just turn
you off.
Flaunting it
is the game, and

TRUMP

is the name.



03

5 724504 1

Colt is now a horse of a different 外觀.

We're not talking about a decal here and a door handle there.

Colt has been *totally redesigned*. To some incredibly high standards: Yours.

Case in point: the new Colt 3-door, designed and built in Japan. With lots of excellent improvements that go considerably beyond its aerodynamic new profile.

Its impressive list of standard features includes power brakes, rack and pinion steering, styled steel wheels, full carpeting, a handy

\$6678* split fold-down rear seat and a 3/36 bumper to bumper warranty that covers the entire car for 3 years or 36,000 miles† And

*Base sticker price at time of publication close. Excludes title, taxes and destination charges. Dealer has details.

3/36

Bumper To Bumper
Warranty

†See limited warranty at dealer, restrictions apply. Excludes normal maintenance, adjustments and wear items.

when you compare it to a lot of other imports, Colt stands out even more. It has almost twice the cargo room of a Nissan Sentra and a spirited 1.5 liter EFI engine that's more powerful than theirs. Even more gratifying, the Colt is hundreds less than a Sentra.**

To see just how far Colt has come, test drive one at your Plymouth or Dodge dealer. And get the value, reliability and features you want. At a price that hasn't gone through the 天井破り.

優秀 Colt

It's all the Japanese you need to know.

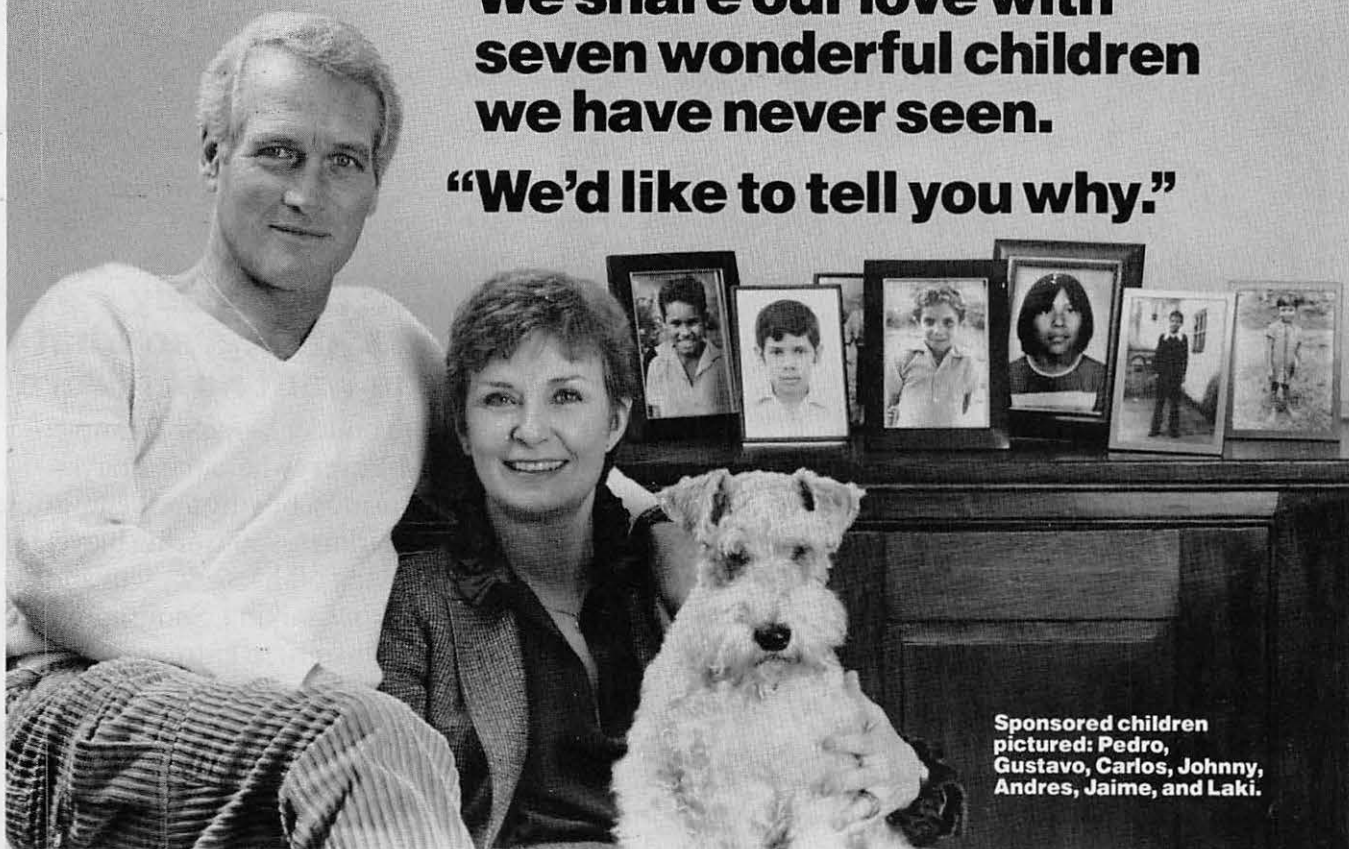


**Base sticker price comparison of 1989 Colt vs. 1988 Nissan Sentra. Standard equipment levels vary. Buckle up for safety.

An important message from PAUL NEWMAN and JOANNE WOODWARD

**"We share our love with
seven wonderful children
we have never seen."**

"We'd like to tell you why."



**Sponsored children
pictured: Pedro,
Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny,
Andres, Jaime, and Laki.**

Photo by Michael Fitz

"For 22 years we've been Save the Children sponsors. We began by sponsoring a desperately poor little girl from the mountains of Colombia—a child who lived in a one-room hut and could only dream of attending school.

"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?'—the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you really can do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

"The cost is so little. The need is so great. Won't you join us as Save the Children sponsors?"

A sponsorship costs only \$20 a month—less than many other sponsorship agencies. Just 65¢ a day. Because 56 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children,

your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible—by helping the entire community with projects and services, such as health care, education, food production and nutrition. So hardworking people can help themselves and save their own children.

Fill out this coupon...and share your love with a child.

☐ **Yes, I want to join the Newmans as a Save the Children sponsor. My first monthly sponsorship payment of \$20 is enclosed. I prefer to sponsor a**
☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either in the area I've checked below.

☐ **Where the need is greatest**

☐ American Indian
☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Costa Rica

☐ El Salvador
☐ Haiti
☐ Honduras
☐ Indonesia

☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Jordan
☐ Malawi
☐ Mali
☐ Philippines

☐ Somalia

☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sudan
☐ Thailand
☐ Tunisia

☐ Zimbabwe

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor at this time, I am enclosing a contribution of \$ _____

☐ Please send me more information.



Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

Attn: James J. Bausch, President

Established 1932. The original child sponsorship agency. YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE. We are indeed proud of our use of funds. Our annual report and audit statement are available upon request.

T 1/16/9

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COVER: He already has everything, so what does he want now? More

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Billionaire builder Donald Trump seems to be everywhere these days—opening casinos, buying and selling hotels, acquiring airlines, sponsoring bicycle races, showing off his new yacht and talking, talking, talking. Some admire him as a high-spirited entrepreneur; some despise him as a glitzy vulgarian. As long as he keeps on making money, that suits him just fine. See **PROFILE**.



NATION: U.S. fighter jets shoot two Libyan MiGs out of the sky

18

But who came out the winner? As Washington tries to rally international support for its accusation that Muammar Gaddafi is building a chemical-weapons plant, the incident helps the erratic leader play the underdog. ► The prosecution drops its two biggest charges against Oliver North. ► Washington's Mayor Marion Barry has some serious problems. So does his city.



WORLD: Japan, mourning the death of the god who became a man, enters a new era

Ending a somber national vigil, the ruler of the Chrysanthemum Throne succumbs to cancer at 87. His son and successor, Crown Prince Akihito, remains a mystery to his countrymen and a cipher abroad.

► Despite Gorbachev's promise that consumer goods will proliferate under *perestroika*, the opposite proves true. ► A day in the life of a Soviet shopper.

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BUSINESS: A battle for the high-tech future

Two economic superpowers are locked in a race to develop 21st century products. Unless the U.S. learns from Japan, the contest may be over before it has begun.

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SCIENCE: To go where no worm has gone before

Exploring the farfetched concept of "wormholes," serious physicists find themselves discussing time travel—and even the creation of new universes.

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MEDICINE: Danger zones lure selfless doctors and nurses

Around the world, volunteers risk their lives to treat the suffering in areas devastated by wars and natural disasters. In the waiting room: more than 2 billion people.

56



RELIGION: Packing the Catholic hierarchy

In the name of theological orthodoxy, John Paul II is installing loyally conservative bishops around the world—often over the protests of local priests and congregations.

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BEHAVIOR: Can't wait, don't listen, won't stop kids

More and more youngsters are being labeled hyperactive, but critics charge that many are being incorrectly diagnosed and improperly medicated.

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SHOW BUSINESS: Death-styles of the rich and famous

There's a broken life for every star on Hollywood Boulevard, and for \$25 the Grave Line Tour will show you lots of them. Just jump in Greg Smith's Cadillac hearse and follow the yellow-sick road.

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Cover:
Photograph by
Norman Parkinson

From the Publisher

Los Angeles correspondent Jeanne McDowell caught up with Donald Trump in the winter of 1987. It was the weekend of the Preservation Ball in Palm Beach, Fla., and Trump, the subject of this week's Profile section, invited McDowell to fly there with him from New York aboard his recently acquired Boeing 727. Twenty months later McDowell was once again airborne with Trump, this time diving and rising around the Manhattan skyline in Trump's French Puma helicopter. If Trump is not a comfortable interview for those with queasy stomachs, neither is he an easy subject when it comes to probing the mysteries of what makes Donald run.

"Trump is a tough interview," says McDowell. "He is not, by his own admission, an introspective man. Contemplating the meaning of life is not his thing." What *does* Trump like to talk about? "His deals," says McDowell. "He's the quintessential salesman." Ever eager to show off what he owns, Trump escorted McDowell through his 118-room hideaway in Palm Beach, happily pointing out some of the valuables that he acquired when he purchased the 17.5-acre estate, furnishings and all, for a "bargain" \$7 million in 1985. "Do you believe this?" he asked, brandishing a gold dinner plate. "I make great deals." Cross



Safe on terra firma: McDowell at home in Los Angeles

"Trump is the quintessential salesman."

say and do but to convey their strengths, their weaknesses, their idiosyncrasies."

So, get set to fly with "the Donald," as Trump's wife Ivana sometimes calls him. You may think you know Trump already, but this trip will show you a different side of a man who has come to embody the acquisitive '80s.

Robert L. Miller

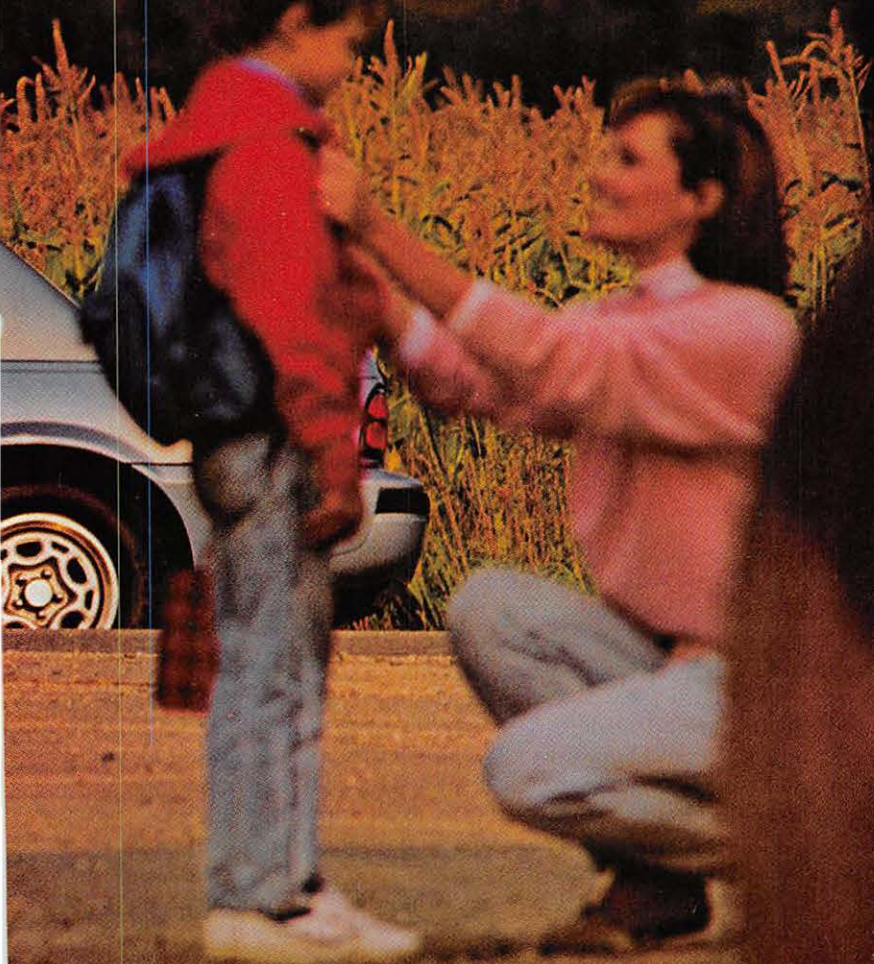


Cavalier sedan. Who says you can't afford good help these days?

- Front-drive, 4-door, 5-passenger family sedan. ■ EPA estimated MPG city 26, highway 36. ■ New SAF (Self-Aligning Feature) steering wheel to distribute impact forces more evenly in event of accident, to help protect driver.
- 2.0L engine with Electronic Fuel Injection. ■ 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.*

THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA TODAY'S CHEVROLET

Not only is the Cavalier 4-door affordably priced, it's also incredibly willing. It will pick up the kids. Pick up the dog. Pick up the groceries. Get you into and out of tight spots. Go on long trips. And take you out to dinner. It doesn't do windows, but with the money it saves you...you can afford to find someone who does.



The National Football League's Best Citizen-Athlete

The **Travelers**

NFL MAN OF THE YEAR



Dave Duerson, safety for the Chicago Bears, leads a well-rounded life; he believes public service is just as important as his performance on the gridiron. "Athletes have been put on a pedestal," says Duerson. "We're glorified, we're in the limelight, and we can exert a great deal of influence. Participating in charitable activities is a way of giving something back for all we've received." In recognition of his excellence both on and off the field, Duerson is the reigning recipient of The Travelers NFL Man of the Year Award. This prestigious honor salutes the NFL player who balances his exemplary performance on the field with his outstanding commitment to helping others.

At last year's Super Bowl, Duerson was awarded a large bronze statue of a gladiator at San Diego's Jack Murphy Stadium. A week later at the Pro Bowl in Honolulu, he was presented with a check for \$25,000 to be given to the charity of his choice. Duerson donated the money to Chicago's Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Medical Center, where researchers are working on a cure for muscular dystrophy.

A MATTER OF BALANCE Standing 6'1" and weighing in at 208 lbs., Duerson is an aggressive adversary on the field. He is a relentless player, who's made as many as 166 tackles a year. And he's just as relentless in tackling the problems of those with special needs. Duerson is actively involved with The March of Dimes, Hire-A-Youth, Brian Piccolo Cancer Research and Jim McMahon's Exceptional Children's Charities. He also is the co-founder



"Participating in charitable activities is a way of giving something back for all we've received." Dave Duerson

(along with his father and brother) of DAMCO, a foundation that sponsors free football camps for underprivileged youngsters, many of whom are addicted to drugs.

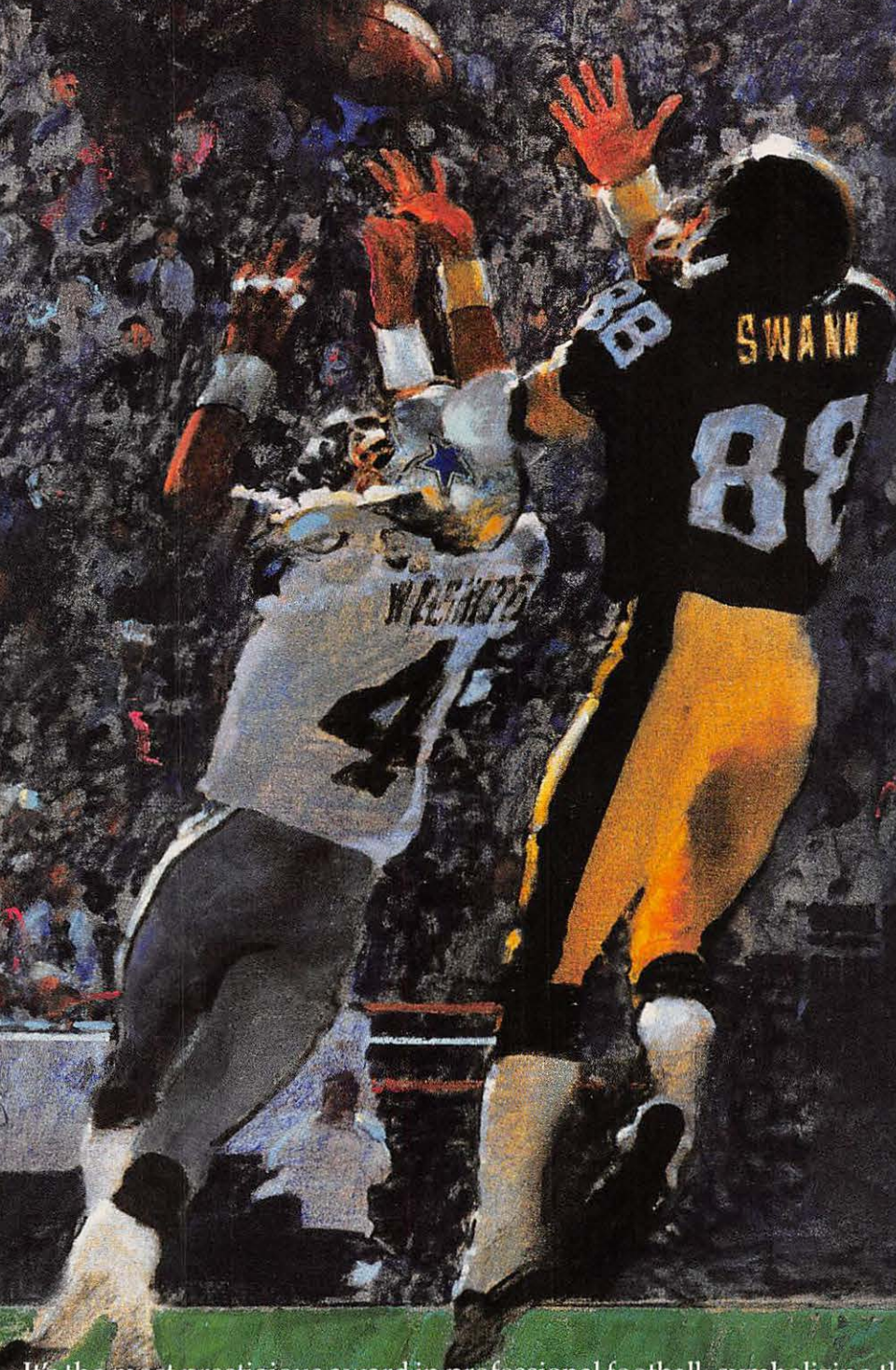
Fighting substance abuse is a mission close to Duerson's heart. After four high school friends died from substance abuse, he vowed to help save other youths from a similar fate. Youngsters such as Joe, a 14-year-old from Chicago's South Side, are typical of the teenagers DAMCO has guided. Never much of a student, from the time he was eight, Joe's idea of a good time was getting high. But

last summer Joe's world changed. Along with 3,000 other troubled youths, Joe went to a DAMCO football camp—where he learned that staying in school and saying "no" to drugs are keys to a successful future.

HEROES ON AND OFF THE FIELD The Travelers NFL Man of the Year Award is particularly meaningful to civic-minded athletes because they are nominated by their peers. Each of the 28 teams in the NFL nominates one exceptional citizen-athlete as Man of the Year. A committee made up of sports writers, community leaders, and NFL representatives selects one player as The Travelers NFL Man of the Year.

This season's award winner will be honored at the Super Bowl in Miami on January 22. This year's recipient, along with Dave Duerson—and recipients to come—demonstrates that being a hero means more than simply excelling on the field. It means doing one's best to help those who haven't been as fortunate.

AN IDEAL WE'RE PROUD OF—
THE TRAVELERS NFL MAN-OF-THE-YEAR AWARD.



It's the most prestigious award in professional football, symbolizing the highest professional skill and the deepest civic commitment—an ideal we strive to achieve every business day.

This year's winner—to be announced on the Super Bowl pregame show—joins the select company of players like Unitas, Dawson, Lanier and Lynn Swann. We're proud to be associated with the one award that honors the example they set for us all.

The Travelers Companies, Hartford, Connecticut 06183

TheTravelers
You're better off under the Umbrella.SM

Letters

PLANET OF THE YEAR

"We need to live in accordance with a new conservation ethic."

Jan Hartke, Reston, Va.

The toxic orange-brown horizon of Los Angeles meets me on my way to work almost every morning. I salute it with anger and sometimes tears. We all should be furious enough to take action over our environment's dilemma [PLANET OF THE YEAR, Jan. 2]. At this point, every excuse takes minutes off the earth's future.

Susan Prescott Levy
Van Nuys, Calif.

Has TIME considered the human toll that could be involved in some of its recommendations to prevent the greenhouse effect? You suggest that the U.S. raise its automobile fuel-efficiency requirements to 45 m.p.g. by the year 2000. But a Brookings-Harvard study indicates that even a 27.5-m.p.g. standard (the current congressional goal) could result in the deaths of 22,000 to 39,000 auto occupants over the next decade as car producers shift to lighter, and therefore less crashworthy, vehicles.

Sam Kazman, General Counsel
Competitive Enterprise Institute
Washington

I hope your report will lead to the kind of presidential leadership we should have in order to excite public action. We need to live in accordance with a new conservation ethic.

Jan Hartke
Reston, Va.

It is my experience that most people are quite willing to help clean up the environment provided they do not have to compromise their personal comfort and convenience in any way.

Joan Messinger
Los Angeles

So you boldly picked the earth as Planet of the Year. I'll bet Mars is fuming.

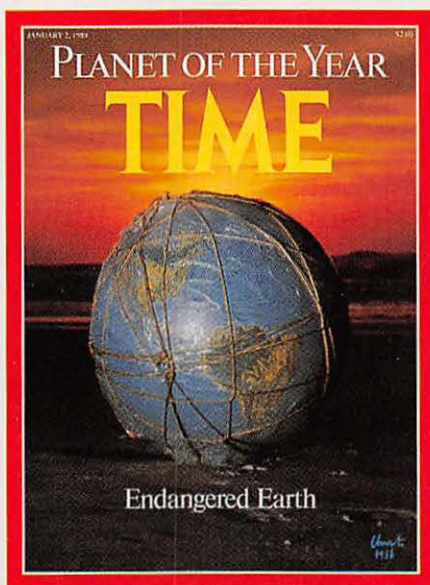
John Callan
Los Angeles

After reading this article, a person must conclude that nature's one great mistake was the creation of mankind.

Robert C. Koeber
Albuquerque

About-Face

Washington's decision to talk to Yasser Arafat and the P.L.O. is farsighted and enlightened, giving people who seek a



more peaceful world cause to be happy [NATION, Dec. 26]. Those of us who believe there are still optimistic policy options in the Middle East now have hope that war between the hard-liners on both sides may be averted. But, of course, there has already been too much bloodshed. Israel should join the U.S. and the P.L.O. in peaceful negotiations.

Winston Steward
Los Angeles

This is a deplorable move. Arafat's campaign of deception and lies may have convinced some that peace is at hand, but the U.S. is being separated from its only reliable and democratic ally in the Middle East. America has embarked on a shameful journey of betrayal. These negotiations could lead to a Palestinian Arab state that would pose a mortal threat to Israel, as well as damage the security and interests of the U.S. The short-term tactics of the P.L.O. do not preclude other long-term intentions. Israel's destruction may be accomplished in stages, of which Arafat's state of Palestine is the first.

Jonathan S. Tobin
Franklin Square, N.Y.

When I look at the picture of Arafat on your cover, this thought comes to mind: Would you be willing to buy a used car from this man?

Harold Jack Lipsett
Sarasota, Fla.

Aiding Armenia

As the Baxter International, Inc., representative most closely involved with the effort to transport dialysis personnel and materials to Yerevan following the earthquake, I would like to set the record straight [WORLD, Dec. 26]. The tie-ups that temporarily stalled our relief efforts were not due to difficulties in obtaining visas from the Soviets. Our delays were the result of a lack of coordination by officials of various agencies within the U.S.

Thomas L. Kelly, Director
Dialysis Equipment
Baxter International, Inc.
Largo, Fla.

Improving the Product

Your story on the joint automaking venture of GM and Toyota made some excellent points about American workers and Japanese managers [AMERICAN SCENE, Dec. 26]. I was disturbed, however, by Vice President Bill Childs' statement that the younger Japanese "don't accept authority automatically any longer. They are more like us. They are our only hope." It is sad to think our ability to compete and restore our lost manufacturing position depends on overtaking younger, less regimented Japanese.

D.L. Kimbler, President
Society for Integrated Manufacturing
Norcross, Ga.

It's very brave of the Japanese to teach GM how to build cars more efficiently, even if Toyota's personnel are at risk of being contaminated by the American Dream. Ah, the rigmarole just to relearn that if you're making something, the one thing that matters is the product.

Tim S. Toney
Raleigh, N.C.

Jerico's Credit

The review of the film *My Stepmother Is an Alien* [CINEMA, Dec. 19] listed the screenplay credit for Jerico as Jerico Weingrod. Please note his name is simply Jerico; he is no relation to co-screenwriter Herschel Weingrod.

Elliot Fischhoff, Senior Vice President
Publicity and Promotion
Weintraub Entertainment Group
Los Angeles

THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE™

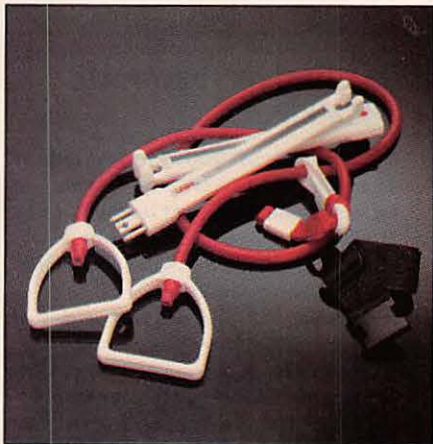
At *The Lifestyle Resource* we give you all the facts and details necessary to make an informed purchase. Your satisfaction is our primary concern. If your purchase doesn't meet your expectations, return it in original condition within 30 days for prompt refund.

THE LIFELINE GYM



The Lifeline Gym is the most space efficient, time efficient home fitness device on the market today. You can simulate just about any of the exercises done on the expensive machines found in health spas and gymnasiums. The reason is latex — a unique stretchable latex resistance cable, similar to the type used to stop

planes on aircraft carriers. With this latex cable, resistance increases with movement — your muscles are challenged through their full range of motion. These variable resistance exercises provide an excellent workout for a beginner as well as a challenge for a pro. The Lifeline Gym is so successful it is used by the Chicago Bears, the U.S. Ice Hockey team, and the UCLA track team to name a few. Adjustable for individual strength levels and for different body shaping and toning. The gym includes a lifting bar, resistance cable, stirrups, exercise belt, door attachment and a comprehensive fitness guide that outlines over 25 exercises. Everything packs into a compact carry case, so you can enjoy the benefits of a complete workout anywhere. **\$49.95** #1840 Ladies or #1850 Men's.



RETURN TO THE CLASSICS

Back in the 1920's and 30's, the world's honored watchmakers were creating elegant timepieces that ultimately became valued works of art, fine heirlooms treasured for their imaginative yet functional design. Two of these classics are recreated with precision quartz movements accurate within a minute a year. The famous Retro Classic with silver brushed face curves to the wrist with contoured case, curved crystal. The antique-looking Moonphase revives a mystique that captivated moon-watchers eons before there were moon-walkers. The gold moon in a starry sky moves through a crescent window. Entrancing! All the delicate detail of the original is recaptured and a discreet date window added. Both styles **\$59.95**. Retro Classic #1590 Ladies or #1600 Men's. Moonphase #1570 Ladies or #1580 Men's.



THE SIX INCH, FIVE POUND FURNACE



Ceramic heaters are unique because of their size, exceptional safety, spartan use of electricity and tremendous heating ability. Two North American companies, GTE and Micromar, have come together to create what *The Lifestyle Resource* considers to be the best and safest 1500 watt ceramic heater on the market today — and we looked at 12 competitive heaters. Of all those heaters, we chose Micromar's Heat Machine Plus to offer to you. GTE spent 18 months of intensive research and development creating, to our knowledge, the only ceramic element specifically designed for a portable ceramic heater. This U.S. patented element is manufactured exclusively for Micromar who was the first company to market portable ceramic heaters in North America. They've built on their experience to design this third generation ceramic heater using the finest components they could find. Let's look at some of the unique features of this remarkable product. **SAFETY:** This ceramic element operates at a temperature below the ignition point of tissue paper. No fuels, odors, flames or red hot coils — safety grille gives added protection. A "tip-over" switch automatically cycles the heater down if it is turned over. It is designed to run around the clock, is exceptionally safe and great for a child's room. **AIRFLOW:** The high quality fan is manufactured in West Germany by Papst, who also supplies fans to other top notch companies. The ceramic elements are manufactured using a special pressing process which allows larger holes than any other solid ceramic element — creating an airflow almost twice as much as some others. That means quicker, more even heat distribution. **EFFICIENCY:** At full capacity of 1500 watts, The Heat Machine Plus puts out 5120 BTU's per hour. As it reaches the desired temperature you set, electrical consumption drops, thereby reducing your electrical costs. Temperature is controlled by a special thermistor circuit which varies fan speed and eliminates the on-off, hot-cold cycling common to many heaters. **VERSATILITY:** The Heat Machine Plus goes anywhere, gives instant heat and allows you to lower the heat in other areas of the house and selectively heat those areas you occupy. **DURABILITY:** The Micromar is built like a tank, with a heavy-gauge metal case, industrial grade components and a meticulous attention to detail. It was laboratory tested for over 100,000 on/off cycles and carries a manufacturer's 5-year limited warranty. While not the least expensive of all the brands we looked at, we believe Micromar's Heat Machine Plus to be the best value among this year's ceramic heaters. Built-in handle and washable air filter. Standard 110 volts AC, UL listed. **\$179.95** #2280.

HOW TO ORDER

FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE **800-872-5200**

Please send us a letter specifying the item, code number and the quantity of each item. Total the amount of your purchase, add shipping, handling and insurance charge, (see table below), and make your check or money order payable to **THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE**. We honor MasterCard, Visa and American Express. For credit card orders please include your full account number, expiration date and signature.

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UPS Second Day available for an additional \$7.50 per order.

Ellen Gilchrist
*"is a wonderful writer
 ...and The ANNA PAPERS
 is a wonderful book—
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 tough and unsentimental."*

—Chicago Tribune

When Anna Hand, famous Southern writer, learns that she has cancer, she arranges one last weekend fling with a married lover, then commits suicide by walking into the sea. But Anna's sexually liberating spirit lives on at her wake—where old lovers, friends and kin gather for a bittersweet celebration of self discovery and love.

"Gilchrist excels in drawing the bonds of love and resentment in sexual and family relationships, and no one who encounters her characters—here or in her earlier works—will want to miss reading about them again."—Publishers Weekly

The ANNA PAPERS

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Victory Over Japan,
 winner of the American
 Book Award, and
Falling Through Space,
 now available in paperback

At bookstores now
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 and COMPANY

Letters

Resident Owners in Rockford

I read your piece "Turning Public Housing Over to Resident Owners" [AMERICAN IDEAS, Dec. 12] and want to correct an important point. You say October 1988 marked "the first time in U.S. history that public-housing residents could become owners of their homes." I was executive director of the Rockford housing authority in Illinois from 1970 to 1977, and during that time Rockford had an innovative and successful housing program whereby renters could apply their rental fees toward the purchase of their homes. Tenants had to attend maintenance school; noncompliance could mean nonownership. These homes and their tenants often served as models for the whole community. On numerous occasions I was called to Washington to explain our successful program to federal housing officials.

William F. Lewis
 Oceanside, Calif.

Mitered Women

All the fuss over the election of the first Anglican woman bishop, Barbara Harris [RELIGION, Dec. 26], is a storm in a teapot. The Anglican Church has already changed so many laws of Christ (acknowledging divorce and homosexuality, for instance) that one more modification really won't make any difference. If Henry VIII were alive today, I doubt he would recognize his church.

Gloria Lieu
 Detroit

"... And furthermore, I don't like ..."

Of the roughly 50,000 letters we get each year, about 1% criticize TIME on various points. In the last ten months of 1988, we received 336 letters of reproach that were not aimed at specific stories. There were 26 letters complaining of bias of one sort or another, 16 claiming that there was a decline in quality of writing or news coverage, 4 that we were pornographic, 16 that we were too liberal, 3 that we were too American, 104 decrying the high number of ads, 92 specifically annoyed by the quantity of cigarette and liquor ads, and 75 miscellaneous complaints—TIME's print is too small, the ink smears too easily, "blow-in" cards make flipping through the magazine like "opening a garbage can."

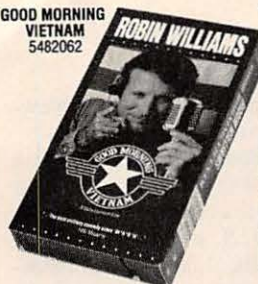
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, or may be faxed to TIME at (212) 522-0907. They should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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BROADCAST NEWS	3665002	THE GODFATHER	0008512	FATAL ATTRACTION	4393072
STAR WARS	0564652	THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN	2351012	ROBOCOP	2350022
MY FAIR LADY	3507512	HOROWITZ IN LONDON	3018042	LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	4286152
IL TRAVATORE	3022082	THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK	0910412	THE GODFATHER PART II	0018592
BEN-HUR	2603312	APOCALYPSE NOW	2001132	THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK	6323072
ON GOLDEN POND	0523572	CROCODILE DUNDEE	4297122	TANNHAUSER	4287142
RETURN OF THE JEDI	3547532	THE SOUND OF MUSIC	0039472	HARRY AND THE HENDERSONS	2219032
PLATOON	6500282	EMPIRE OF THE SUN	6332062	LETHAL WEAPON	6308222
TOP GUN	4269322	THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI	1606302	THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE	2787052
NUTS	6328102	THE DEER HUNTER	2124152	THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY	7340042
IRONWEED	4958042	LAWRENCE OF ARABIA	1514312	HOOSIERS	6550192
SCARFACE (1983)	2168042	THE KARATE KID	1710412	HATARI	4110092
THE LAST UNICORN	0685022	CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD	4294152	THE GLENN MILLER STORY	2130412
MY LIFE AS A DOG	4391092	STAND BY ME	1924432	THE STING	1005292
D.O.A. (1988)	5489092	ARTHUR	6024332	BRIGADOON	2542352
THE COLOR OF MONEY	5470592	ALIEN	0002812	DIRTY HARRY	6017572
AMADEUS	6529172	TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD	1022282	ROXANNE	1960222
BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY	2792082	THE QUIET MAN	4032122	SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME	1969072
FRANTIC	6331072	COCOON	3533882	THE RIGHT STUFF	6043142
HAIRSPRAY	1975092	NO WAY OUT	6558112	A ROOM WITH A VIEW	3615012
POLICE ACADEMY V	6333052	BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID	0517632	TERMS OF ENDEARMENT	2014262
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY	0025192	HELLO, DOLLY	0609472	DOCTOR DOOLITTLE	0732212
ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING	5486022	FUNNY GIRL	1511262	HANNAH AND HER SISTERS	6517112
OVERBOARD	3657002	SILVERADO	1810242	THE KILLING FIELDS	6084222
SHORT CIRCUIT	3607192	POLICE ACADEMY IV	6306162	MAURICE	5185062
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	2021352	GIANT	6080182	GUYS AND DOLLS	3533592
BEVERLY HILLS COP	2053362	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	1510272	A CHORUS LINE	3193432
STAKEOUT	5488002	HEARTBREAK RIDGE	6289332	THE MISSION	6303012
STAR TREK IV— THE VOYAGE HOME	4306112	TOOTSIE	1509122	THE GRAPES OF WRATH	0531572
CAMELOT	6027482	LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS (1986)	6297172	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY	1917002
GHOSTBUSTERS	1742682	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	3126452	THE COTTON CLUB	3100292
OKLAHOMA!	0054392	THE BIG CHILL	1527692	GIGI	2508112
ALIENS	3609252	THE LONGEST DAY	0577602	THE HANGOVER	6307072
GREASE	2074312	CABARET	4001502	THE JOLSON STORY	1849032
ROMANCING THE STONE	0894252	THE BIG EASY	6559102	REAR WINDOW	2134132
CHARLOTTE'S WEB	2095282	M*A*S*H	0055382	PRIZZI'S HONOR	4802282
JANE FONDA'S NEW WORKOUT	5112202	WITNESS	4114052	THE THIN MAN	2640022
SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	2554552	OLIVER!	1760242	HOPE AND GLORY	1251042
SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS	2518352	THE NATURAL	1649132	LOST HORIZON	1916012
FULL METAL JACKET	6325052	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534542	THE BOAT (DAS BOOT)	1520252
PATTON	0043332	JEWEL OF THE NILE	3571602	BLUE VELVET	5150072
ANNIE	1516132	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	6014432	QUO VADIS	2681022
STAR TREK— THE MOTION PICTURE	2035212	ANGEL HEART	7956172	AGNES OF GOD	1812222
WEST SIDE STORY	0505912	TRUE GRIT	2028532	THE EMERALD FOREST	3145592
CLEOPATRA	0579432	THE GREEN BERETS	3617332	A PASSAGE TO INDIA	1741362
HAMBURGER HILL	4954082	THE FLY (1986)	2114172	SILKWOOD	3106152
THE MUSIC MAN	6147012	BACK TO THE FUTURE	4288132	CHINATOWN	2025232
GANDHI	1533042	TOSCA		BLADE RUNNER	3104332
SHOOT TO KILL	5490062	PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES	4394062	THE KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN	3187332
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P08/P10

P09/P11

American Ideas

Habitat for Humanity



A Bootstrap Approach To Low-Cost Housing

Millard Fuller believes in volunteer labor a little seed money and a lot of inspiration

BY DON WINBUSH

"Make no small plans," somebody once reasoned, "for they have no power to stir men's blood." Millard Fuller has always acted on that advice. He was worth a million dollars by his 29th birthday, but then decided to pursue a more ambitious goal: "the elimination of poverty housing in the world." If you want details, Fuller, a tireless and persuasive salesman, is more than excited to talk about his plans. They are large.

There are 7.6 million people in the U.S. whose dwelling places are deemed "substandard," a euphemism that fails to evoke adequately the living conditions in scanty rural shotgun shacks or the inhabited shells of buildings in urban areas. These quarters are commonly without heat and plumbing, and in some cases are in such disrepair that the term shelter is misapplied. But worse than the deficient housing, Fuller laments, is the world's indifference to it. "People of goodwill, especially people of faith, should find it hard to rest in peace," he admonishes.

Twelve years ago, Fuller founded an organization he said would "make shelter a matter of conscience," that would provide the poor with "simple, decent, affordable housing." He called his enterprise Habitat for Humanity. The idea of a house-building ministry was inspired by Koinonia Farm, an integrated Christian community in a poor, rural, south Georgia area strewn with crude shacks and tumbledown homes.

Fuller and Koinonia leader Clarence Jordan started Fund for Humanity, a pool of capital that was used to buy building materials and serve as a mortgage source for people too poor to qualify for bank loans. Modest homes, built with volunteer labor and some donated materials, were sold at cost to low-income families. Their payments, plus donations and other money raised, replenished the fund, and the money was recycled to build even more homes. There were problems: raising seed money and bureaucratic snarls, but it worked. By 1976 he had visions of grandeur.

"It's not your blue blood, your pedi-

gree or your college degree. It's what you do with your life that counts," says Fuller. Like a peripatetic preacher, he makes his folksy "theology of the hammer" spiels to audiences all over the world, trying to tap into what he contends is "an incredible reservoir of goodwill out there."

On the stump, the messenger is as en-

porters, along with Bob Hope, Paul Newman and Amy Grant.

Low-income housing is disappearing by the thousands of units every year. And increasingly, people are very interested in Habitat. In the U.S. a typical Habitat home is a no-frills, 1,000-sq.-ft., three-bedroom residence that sells for about \$28,000. Habitat homeowners usually make \$150 or so monthly mortgage payments—which is sometimes less than the rent they paid for indecent housing. Fuller often reminds Habitat affiliates, "The houses we build should be a joy to the people, not a burden on their backs."

The number of communities interested in trying Habitat's formula has grown most strikingly in recent years. There were just eleven Habitat affiliates in the



Fuller and workers, attacking the world shelter problem one house at a time

"It's not your blue blood, your pedigree or your college degree. It's what you do with your life that counts."

tertaining as his message is fervid. Fuller, 53, is an Ichabod Crane look-alike who is incessantly joking, cajoling, commoving, pressing, pleading for Habitat. He leans and swaggers, hunches his shoulders, pokes his head and forms grandfather spiders with his lean hands, which are constantly aswirl. He still crows about the sales pitch he made to former President Jimmy Carter: "I said to him, 'Sir, are you interested in Habitat for Humanity, or are you very interested?'" Since 1984 Carter has been one of Habitat's celebrity sup-

U.S. in 1980; there were 171 by 1986. This year there are 324 affiliates, ranging in size from the one in New York City to one in Coahoma, Miss. (pop. 351), which plans to replace the town's entire housing stock. There are 38 college chapters and 68 Habitat affiliates overseas. All told, 4,000 homes have been built since 1976. Boasts Fuller: "It's clear to me that we are seeing the birth of a movement."

Fuller's energy was not always so well directed. By the time he entered law school at the University of Alabama,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARKER—IMAGES UNLIMITED

American Ideas

Fuller and a college chum had a business partnership that was churning out moneymaking schemes. By the time he had made his million, he was a workaholic, and his health was suffering. His wife Linda left home one day, announcing that she was off to decide whether she wanted to continue being wed to a man who was married to his business.

The crisis was dramatically resolved: they were reconciled; Fuller sold his share of the business and donated a small fortune to charity. He and Linda kept only several thousand dollars to start life over, this time with a renewed commitment to the Christian principles each had grown up with. Fuller's life today is modest but, he says, far more meaningful. His salary is \$14,300; Linda, who works as his assistant, makes \$7,200.

As Habitat's executive director, Millard is "a lot more fun to live with," Linda says. But he is only slightly less intense than when he was obsessed by wealth. Habitat staffers say a strange but not uncommon sight is the gangling Fuller bounding up to the headquarters, clutching a fistful of trash he swooped up on his walk to work. He functions as the spiritual leader of the ecumenical, nonprofit outfit. Much of his time is spent visiting local Habitat affiliates and proselytizing. Once or twice a year he takes hammer in hand and helps finish off a Habitat home with the volunteers. Full-time helpers in Americus, Ga., are paid only their lodging and a weekly "pig check"—a \$25 certificate redeemable at the Piggly Wiggly supermarket.

Habitat, which will raise more than \$30 million this year, is not a charity organization. Homeowners must qualify for their loans and make mortgage payments over a fixed period, typically 20 years. Also, they abide by a "sweat equity" agreement to participate in the construction of their own homes and donate so many hours of labor to building other homes. Insists Fuller: "We're not case-workers, we're co-workers."

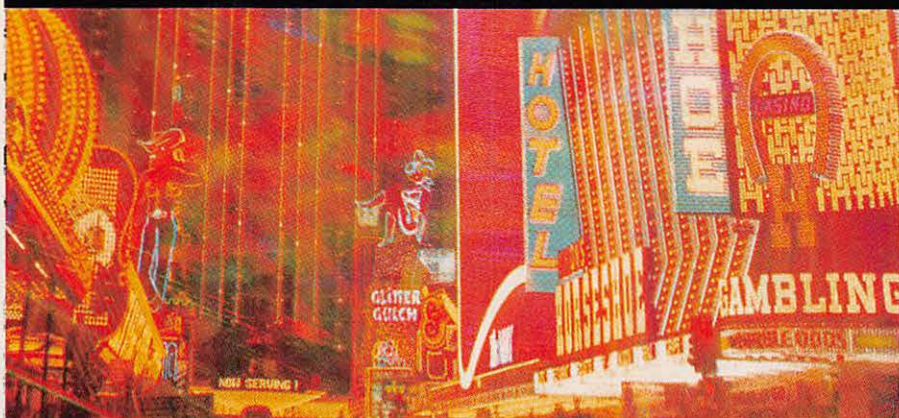
House-dedication ceremonies are invariably emotional, spirit-lifting occasions for homeowners. "It's like you've given 'em the moon," Fuller says. Affiliates agree that a by-product of Habitat projects is enhanced community spirit. Says Fuller: "Habitat for Humanity has a way of bringing folks together who normally don't work with each other."

Probably the question most often asked of Fuller is how Habitat, its success notwithstanding, plans to reach its goal of wiping out the world's poverty housing. He answers, volubly, "The Bible says that with God all things are possible. We'll build 2,000 houses this year. We hope to build 4,000 more next year. We're adding local projects at the rate of one every two days. Man, we're just whittling away." ■

Win



Place



Show



The American Way To Play

Las Vegas



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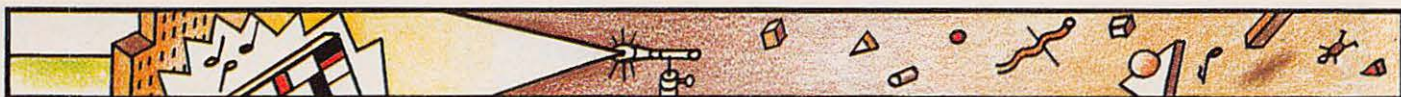
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Critics' Choice



THEATER

PRAVDA. A stinging British satire of Murdochian media moguls more concerned with money than truth gets its U.S. premiere from the Guthrie troupe in Minneapolis.

THE HEIDI CHRONICLES.

Playwright Wendy Wasserstein revisits the rise and fall of principle among baby boomers, and star Joan Allen makes the stereotypes come touchingly alive, off-Broadway.

WE. Pulitzer prizewinner Charles Fuller (*A Soldier's Play*) launches an earnest, poignant cycle of five black history dramas, beginning with *Sally* and *Prince*, in repertory off-Broadway.

PLATONOV. Rumanian director Liviu Ciulei blends farce and great sadness in Chekhov's early drama, at Harvard's American Repertory Theater.

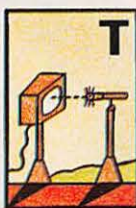


MUSIC

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG: AMERICAN DREAM (Atlantic). The title cut on this reunion album delivers more bounce—as well as a bit of bile—than the rest of the album combined, but the guitar work has some fire and those famous harmonies can still soar high.

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: FOR ELLINGTON (East-West). Part *hommage*, part reinvention, this is a ravishing tribute by one of the premier jazz groups to one of America's greatest composers. The M.J.Q. pays the Duke the ultimate honor: it doesn't just respect him, it makes him swing.

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY NO. 6 (EMI). The obscure *Sixth* in a bang-up reading by Riccardo Muti and the Berlin Philharmonic. And you thought Bruckner was boring.

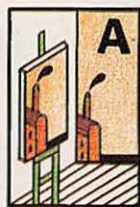


TELEVISION

SMOKING: EVERYTHING YOU AND YOUR FAMILY NEED TO KNOW (HBO, Jan. 11, 12, 14, 17). First appearing on the day that Surgeon General C. Everett Koop releases his new report on smoking, this half-hour special dramatically exposes the dangers of tobacco usage, while contrasting old TV cigarette commercials with patients' case histories.

THE LION, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE (PBS, Jan. 14, 8 p.m. on most stations). *Wonderworks* presents the first hour of a three-part mini-series based on the classic C.S. Lewis story of four children who discover a magical kingdom.

THE COVER GIRL AND THE COP (NBC, Jan. 16, 9 p.m. EST). A streetwise cop is assigned to guard a frivolous actress-model, witness to a murder. Dinah Manoff and Julia Duffy, two of the tube's slyest comedians, play the odd-couple title characters in this TV movie.



ART

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON: THE EARLY WORK, 1929-1934, the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. Some 75 prints from the period when Cartier-Bresson was creating one of the most original and influential styles in the history of photography. Through Feb. 26.

PAINTING IN RENAISSANCE SIENA, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. The gentle, graceful 15th century fragments and miniatures in this scrupulous show offer a respite from the brutish realities of modern life. Through March 19.

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles. Formica and Celotex are among the odd materials employed by this enigmatic but important American painter and sculptor. Through Jan. 29.



MOVIES

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. A timid old Swede and his dashing young son find work on a 19th century Danish farm. Aided by stars Max von Sydow and Pelle Hvenegaard, director Bille August cuts a stern, colorful grand swatch of masterpiece cinema.

MY STEPMOTHER IS AN ALIEN. Kim Basinger is an unlikely E.T. and Dan Aykroyd the earthling who humanizes her in a clever fable—sweet and light enough for the kids, sexy and suspenseful enough for adults.

WORKING GIRL. Pert secretary Melanie Griffith climbs the corporate ladder, dislodging career gal Sigourney Weaver and claiming hunky Harrison Ford in Mike Nichols' suave tale about getting it all on your own sweet terms.

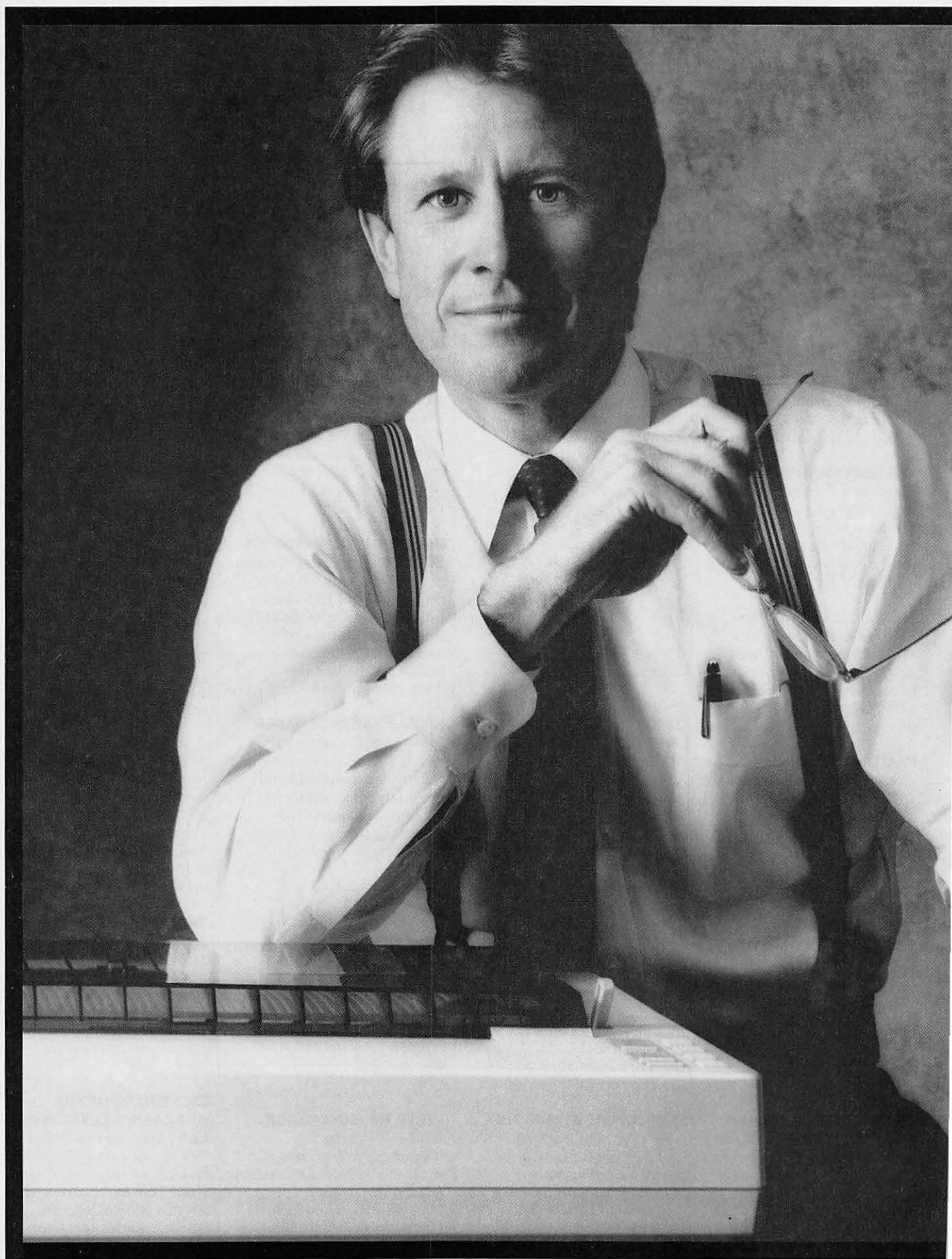


BOOKS

AMERICAN APPETITES by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton; \$18.95). A prolific author's powerful novel about a well-to-do married couple falling before a fate that is unearned and undeserved.

THE LYRE OF ORPHEUS by Robertson Davies (Viking; \$19.95). The third novel in a trilogy about the life and after-effects of an eccentric Canadian millionaire. An engaging plot involving high finance, grand opera and a voice from Limbo.

DICTIONARY OF THE KHAZARS: A LEXICON NOVEL by Milorad Pavić (Knopf; \$19.95). A wacky, totally fabricated reference book, translated from Serbo-Croatian, about a people that vanished centuries ago. Sheer oddity mixed with eerie entertainment.



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The Navy's deadly F-14 Tomcat: the MiG pilots found themselves outmanned, outgunned and outmaneuvered

U.S. NAVY

TIME/JANUARY 16, 1989

Chemical Reaction

As the U.S. presses Libya over a nerve-gas plant, a shootout erupts. Did Gaddafi sacrifice two planes so Washington would take the heat?

The unlikely combination of Ronald Reagan and Muammar Gaddafi resembles nitroglycerin: it can produce an explosion at the slightest jolt. Last week, for the fourth time since 1981, just such a blowup took place in the Mediterranean skies off Tobruk, where a shootout that could have been taken right from the movie *Top Gun* ended in the downing of two Libyan jets by American pilots.

This time, however, there was a major difference. While the first three incidents occurred when Washington decided to swat the desert dictator, the latest confrontation was wholly unexpected. When the Libyan MiGs were destroyed after they persistently pursued two Navy F-14 fighters protecting the carrier U.S.S. *John F. Kennedy*, the U.S. found itself on the defensive not only militarily but also in its international relations.

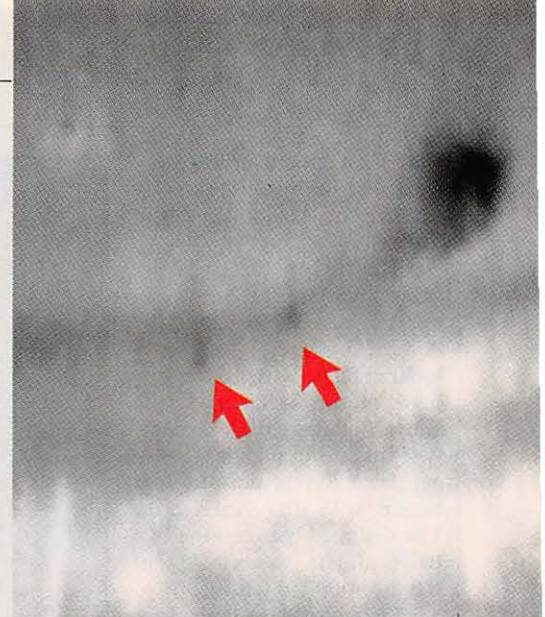
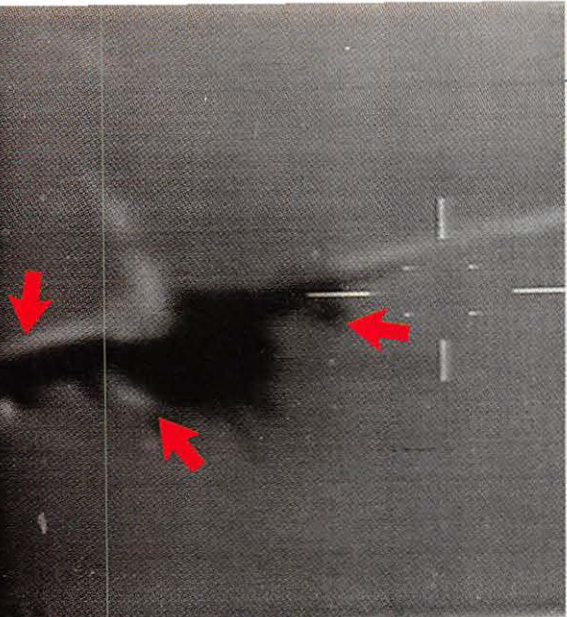
The eruption came as the Reagan Administration was applying calculated pressure on Gaddafi, and on U.S. allies, to prevent the production in Libya of poisonous gases that could be used in chemical warfare. The U.S. insists that a huge chemical plant at Rabta, 50 miles southwest of Tripoli and ringed with anti-aircraft batteries, is primarily intended to produce mustard gas and chemical nerve agents. In a pre-Christmas TV interview, Reagan refused to rule out the possibility of a military strike against the plant. On background, Pentagon experts even suggested that Tomahawk cruise missiles, which can be launched by surface ships or submarines from as far as 800 miles away, might be used to level the suspect facility.

The clash that followed—perhaps intended by Gaddafi—threw the focus back on Washington's seeming eagerness to swing a big stick at easy targets. Soviet

Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze noted that the dogfight had "poisoned the atmosphere" as 142 nations opened a five-day conference in Paris over the weekend on ways to stop the increasing spread of chemical weapons. "Gaddafi must be pleased over the incident," said an Italian official last week. "It gives him a chance to play the victim."

It did little good for a presidential spokesman to protest that "we didn't try to pick a fight" or for senior U.S. officials to minimize the possibility that the U.S. would take out the weapons plant by force. Arab states lined up in the United Nations to denounce America's "brutal aggression." In the harshest language the Soviet Union has used toward the U.S. in two years, the Kremlin labeled the American action "state terrorism."

In Western Europe jittery American allies wondered whether Reagan was



"Lock him up"

One of the MiGs, carrying missiles under wings and fuselage, as seen from an F-14

"Fox Two"

A U.S. Sidewinder, top, streaks toward MiG and hits target, bottom

"Good kill!"

The shattered jet plunges toward the sea, trailing black smoke

once again indulging himself by kicking his favorite terrorist—and what the cost would be. Military bases went on alert in Italy, where Lampedusa Island was the target of an amateurish Libyan missile attack after the U.S. bombing of Tripoli in 1986. Britain supported the U.S. asser-

tion that Rabta is intended for weapons production, but the Thatcher government urged Washington not to attack it. The French, who are host to the chemical-weapons conference at UNESCO headquarters, were irritated. The sharpest criticism came from the leftist Paris daily *Libération*: "Gaddafi has lost two planes, but Reagan hasn't necessarily won out. These two were made to detest each other . . . One can understand that their farewells would be agonizing."

In its defense, the Pentagon released a dramatic videotape and voice recording of the aerial encounter taken from one of the F-14 Tomcats. The seven-minute au-

diotape chronicles the five evasive turns made by the Navy flyers in an effort to shake the MiG-23 "Floggers" that headed at them some 70 miles off the Libyan coast, well into international waters.

Moreover, the State Department disclosed that it has been quietly exchanging messages with Gaddafi for several weeks and that it sent the Libyan government a detailed explanation of last week's shooting incident. Still, Libya's U.N. Deputy Ambassador, Ali Sunni Muntasser, charged that the Navy had attacked two unarmed reconnaissance planes. U.S. Ambassador Vernon Walters responded by presenting the Security Council with blowups of two photos showing air-to-air missiles under the wings and fuselage of one of the Libyan MiGs. Charged Pentagon spokesman Dan Howard: "The Libyan Ambassador to the U.N. is a liar." At week's end Gaddafi proposed direct talks with the U.S. to resolve the dispute.

The Libyan Floggers had approached the American planes with apparent deliberation and determination. Flying at 20,000 ft., the F-14s picked up the Libyans on their radar screens at 11:57 a.m. on Wednesday. The "bogey," as U.S. air- men call any potentially hostile planes,

THE SHOOTOUT

U.S.

LIBYA

1 Two F-14 fighters pick up Libyan MiG-23s 72 nautical miles away on their radar.

The MiGs head straight for the F-14s.

2 The F-14s turn left to avoid the MiGs.

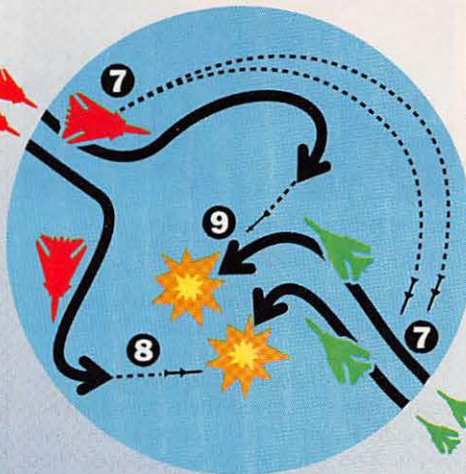
The MiGs turn right and head toward the U.S. planes.

3 The U.S. fighters turn left again and drop to 3,000 ft. They turn right, right and then left.

4 The Libyans change course again and accelerate, matching every turn.

5 The lead F-14 fires two Sparrow missiles at the MiGs.

Neither Libyan plane is hit.



8 The two fighters split and the wingman on the right fires a Sparrow missile.

The first Libyan plane is hit.

9 The flight leader comes up behind the other MiG and fires a Sidewinder missile.

The second MiG goes down.

TIME Diagram by Joe Lertola

were 72 nautical miles away at 10,000 ft., heading directly toward the U.S. planes and the *Kennedy*.

The F-14s turned away from the approaching aircraft, a clear signal that the American pilots were not looking for a fight. To the surprise of the U.S. crews, the Libyan planes shifted abruptly ("jinked," in pilot jargon) to get back on a nose-to-nose lineup with the Americans. The distance between the two pairs of jets was closing at roughly 1,000 m.p.h.

In another evasive maneuver, the F-14s dove to 3,000 ft. This gave the Navy flyers a tactical advantage: their radar could now look up for a clear view of the approaching targets. The less sophisticated Soviet-made radars on the Libyan craft had to contend with the clutter of the sea.

At 11:59 the radar-intercept officer (RIO), seated behind the lead Tomcat pilot, armed his plane's short-range Sidewinder missiles and its longer-range Sparrow rockets. Outmaneuvered and outgunned in their less maneuverable Floggers, the lone Libyan pilots had to fly their planes, watch their radars and handle their weapons without airborne help.

The U.S. pilots made three more efforts to shake their pursuers. Each time, observers in a Navy E-2C radar plane flying nearby heard the Libyan ground controller order the MiG pilots to jink into potential collision courses with the Tomcats. The MiGs normally carry radar-guided Apex as well as heat-seeking Aphid missiles. While the Aphid homes in on a jet's fiery exhaust, the Apex is effective when launched at a target's nose.

At 12 noon the trailing Tomcat flying in the wing position locked its radar on one of the Floggers. In numerous past skirmishes, Libyan pilots had reported any such radar targeting to their ground controller, who had always told them to break off and head home. This time, U.S. authorities insisted, the pilot did not send any such alarm.

It was almost a minute after noon when the lead Tomcat pilot informed his flying mates, "Bogeys have jinked back at me again for the fifth time. They're on my nose now, inside of 20 miles." He could wait no longer. "Master arm on," he announced, taking the final step before delivering a Sparrow. At 14 miles separation, he barked, "Fox 1. Fox 1." He had triggered a Sparrow, called Fox 1 (a Sidewinder is



Satellite photo of Libya's suspect chemical complex



Ronald Reagan's special demon

"Mad duck of the Mideast."

Fox 2). The lead Tomcat launched another Sparrow at ten miles. Both missiles missed.

Instead of fleeing, the Floggers accelerated and continued their pursuit. They were now within six miles of the two F-14s. The Tomcat pilots then split their formation in a classic maneuver. As the two Floggers followed the U.S. wing plane, the lead Tomcat circled to get on the Libyan jets' tails.

The F-14 on the wing delivered a Sparrow, which hit one of the Libyan planes. "Good kill! Good kill!" shouted one of the Americans. The lead Tomcat closed on the remaining Flogger. At a mere 1.5 miles from the MiG—a deadly distance in modern combat—its RIO squeezed his Sidewinder trigger. The heat-seeking missile smashed into the

Flogger. "Good kill!" cried a crewman. "Let's get out of here." The two Libyan pilots parachuted into the sea.

Why would Gaddafi provoke such a one-sided fight? "We're still scratching our heads," said the Pentagon's Howard. "It doesn't make sense." Yet Western standards of what does or does not make sense may bear little relation to the actions and motivations of Gaddafi, a man prone to mood swings and outlandish gestures. Gaddafi has become just about everybody's most despised dictator, but he holds a special place in Ronald Reagan's demonology. The President has repeatedly called Gaddafi a terrorist and a barbarian, and he proudly sports a T shirt that ridicules his No. 1

enemy with the legend KHADDAFY DUCK—MAD DUCK OF THE MIDEAST.

The U.S. has a solid record of willingness to sock Libya. In 1981 the Navy shot down two Libyan jets whose pilots rashly fired at American planes over the Gulf of Sidra, which Gaddafi claims to be Libyan territory. Then, in March 1986, U.S. naval units deliberately steamed across what Gaddafi had called the "line of death," which marked the northern boundary of the gulf. When Libyan gunboats sailed out to challenge the Sixth Fleet, two were sunk, and a shore radar installation was destroyed. The following month, after a Libyan-backed terrorist bombed a disco in West Berlin, killing one American and injuring 60 others, U.S. F-111 and A-6 bombers attacked Tripoli and Benghazi and even struck at Gaddafi's headquarters in an apparent attempt to kill him.

Small wonder that Gaddafi—and the rest of the world—took the U.S. threats seriously. The Administration's hints of force were partly intended to bully other countries into withholding technical materials and personnel from the Rabta plant. "If we can scare the foreigners out, Gaddafi can't run the plant," said a U.S. intelligence source. Last September American diplomats warned their counterparts in West Germany, Italy, France, Britain and Japan that the U.S. had persuasive intelligence that the facility was intended to produce toxic chemicals on a massive scale. Nearby is a steelworks that can turn out the shells and casings needed to complete the poisonous weapons.

Although unwilling to divulge secret sources, U.S. officials confirmed that former workers in the plant had provided sensitive details. At first only the British Foreign Office seemed to be convinced of the danger. It conducted its own investi-

gation of the complex and agreed with the U.S. findings. Later the French, Canadians and Egyptians advised the U.S. that they too were persuaded. But the Soviets and some U.S. allies claimed that the evidence was inconclusive.

Through newspaper leaks, the U.S. accused a West German firm, Imhausen-Chemie, of secretly supplying expertise and materials for building the plant. German officials insist that their investigation has turned up no proof to support these claims, though they agreed to examine more of the U.S. evidence this week. Privately the Reagan Administration warns that it may name five West German companies, two in Switzerland and some in unidentified other European nations that are involved in the Rabta project if their governments do not cut off such help to Gaddafi.

The announcement two weeks ago that the carrier *Theodore Roosevelt* had left Norfolk, Va., to join the *Kennedy* in the Mediterranean inspired fresh rumors of an impending U.S. attack on the Rabta plant. In that heated atmosphere, the Libyans could well have succumbed to nervousness and overreacted to the presence of the *Kennedy* off their coast.

Yet the *Kennedy* was sailing to the east last Wednesday. The carrier was near Crete, more than 600 miles away from the Rabta plant and 120 miles off recognized



The aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy* in the Mediterranean

A rude interruption to its passage far at sea.

Libyan territorial waters, when the unexpected combat situation arose. Even the Libyans had to know that the F-14s were fighters on routine patrol, not bombers carrying out an attack.

Those facts lead to another, more complicated, theory about what happened: that Gaddafi deliberately sought the confrontation, sending his fighters on what amounted to a suicide mission in the

hope of winning sympathy and provoking international criticism of the U.S. "Colonel Gaddafi knows that he is irrelevant within the Arab world and can win support only when he is perceived as the victim of superpower oppression," said Congressman Les Aspin, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. "Two planes is a cheap price to pay so he can hear outpourings of fervent backing."

Was this reckless attack, then, really intended to fail? "We suspect—mostly on the basis of the two Libyan pilots parachuting from their MiGs—that they intentionally provoked the incident," said an Italian government official. Besides being concerned about the chemical plant, added a West German diplomat, Gaddafi "has been outraged by the P.L.O.'s concessions to the U.S. for direct contacts, and he could have seen a chance here to try to sabotage it."

The unpredictable nature of the Libyan attack and the trouble it has caused for the U.S. indicate that even after eight years of American pressure, Muammar Gaddafi retains his power to bedevil Washington. As Ronald Reagan departs from the White House, he leaves behind his Libyan nemesis as one more problem for George Bush to grapple with.

—By Ed Magnuson.

Reported by Ricardo Chavira and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

Knife Fighting in the Air

Did the U.S. pilots really act in self-defense last week? Were they justified in firing the first shots? No question about it, say former Navy pilots and other experts familiar with the F-14 Tomcat. "I know it sounds strange to the layman to say, 'He pointed his nose at me five times so I shot him,'" conceded a jet-fighter technician. "But it makes sense in aerial combat. Furthermore, if some guy aims a gun at you in a dark alley, you don't ask him whether it's loaded."

Former fighter pilot Steve Corris, now a California lawyer, considers the Libyan pilots "idiots" for repeatedly facing the Tomcats head-on, since "that is an indication of hostile intention." Equally unfriendly was the Libyan pursuit of the U.S. jets at varying altitudes. Modern combat, Corris notes, "isn't like old-fashioned dogfighting." The distances are much greater, and the targets may be seen only on radar. "Everything happens very fast." Pilots called the Mediterranean incident a "knife fight" because the jets clashed at unusually close quarters.

Yet, some of the old tactics remain valid. "Pilots still like to have the sun at their back," explains Kurt Schroeder, the chief test pilot of Grumman Corp., which makes the Tomcat.



Inside the cockpit: an F-14 pilot's view of his partner

"The speeds and altitudes, turning radius and weapons have changed dramatically, but the basic maneuvers are still very similar to World War I." So too is a pilot's need for fast thinking. "Aviation by its very nature frequently requires very quick assessments, judgments and actions," says Schroeder. "And the penalty for making the wrong decision is severe." ■

The Search for a Poison Antidote

If good intentions could stop the proliferation of chemical weapons, the scourge would have been cleaned up long ago. Over the past 63 years, 131 nations have signed the 1925 Geneva Protocol, which outlaws the use of poison gases. Yet at least 17 countries are believed to possess chemical weapons. They were most recently used last March, with hellish results, when Iraq unleashed mustard and cyanide gases on its own Kurdish citizens.

Like other high-minded declarations that followed the horrors of World War I, the Geneva Protocol has no teeth: although it forbids the use of poison gases, it bans neither their production nor their stockpiling. The result is that the issue of chemical weapons has returned time and again to the international agenda, stirring debate at the United Nations, at diplomatic conferences and at each of the four superpower summits since 1985.

This week the talk continues in Paris, where representatives from 142 nations have convened. The chances for a breakthrough anytime soon are slim. Only the U.S., the Soviet Union and Iraq have even acknowledged owning chemical arsenals. Yet in recent years, there have been claims that poison gases have been used by Libya against Chad, by Viet Nam against Kampuchean rebels and by Iran and Iraq against each other in their recently concluded war. It was Iraq's slaughter of the Kurds that prompted President Reagan to call for the Paris conference. The initiative was quickly seconded by President François Mitterrand of France, one of the countries that had unwittingly supplied Iraq with equipment that helps in the manufacture of chemical weapons. The results of that exchange, understates a senior French diplomat, "gave one pause."

A declaration of international outrage against chemical weapons and a reaffirmation of the Geneva Protocol may at least slow the trend toward poison gases. "There's a general consensus that use of chemical weapons is wrong," says William Burns, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. "I think we want to re-establish that." The U.S. hopes that the Paris meeting will pump momentum into the Conference on Disarmament, a 40-nation effort to write a treaty that would ban the gases outright. As an interim step, several participants want to strengthen the U.N. Secretary-General's authority to investigate charges of chemical-weapons use.

Until recently, East-West distrust posed the largest hurdle to an effective ban. But in 1987, two years after Congress voted to end an 18-year moratorium on the American manufacture of chemical weapons, the Soviet Union acceded to U.S. de-



Kurdish victims of the Iraqi gas attack on Halabja last March

mands for on-site "challenge inspections" to enforce a treaty. Today the larger obstacle is posed by Third World nations that are reluctant to give up what is known as the "poor man's atom bomb." Poison gases, after all, are cheap and easy to manufacture. "All a terrorist needs is a milk bottle of nerve gas," says a British weapons expert, "and that he can get from a quiet lab in a back street of Tripoli." Thus even if a treaty could be hammered out to the satisfaction of Moscow and Washington, says Burns, the U.S. would not sign unless every nation in possession of chemical arsenals agreed to it as well.

But most countries can piously deny their involvement. As last week's verbal cross fire over Libya indicated, it is not easy to distinguish between factories that manufacture fertilizers, pesticides or pharmaceutical products and those that produce chemical weapons. Experts say that with just the turn of some levers or the change of a catalyst, a plant can convert from the production of pest killers to people killers in as little as 24 hours. Small wonder, then, that the U.S. spurned Libya's offer for a one-time inspection of the facility at Rabta.

An effective inspection would require ripping apart a chemical plant to analyze manufactured materials and examine waste products taken from sewers, ventilators and pipes. If chemical weapons were not yet in production (as the U.S. believes to be the case at Rabta), the inspection would turn up no damning residues. Other telltale signs would be the protective equipment used at the plant, including the presence of special ventilation systems and chemical sensors connected to alarms. But that same equipment is employed in pesticide and fertilizer manufacture. Inspectors must also look for military-oriented equipment, such as machinery to produce or fill chemical-weapons shells. The Rabta facility offers one other clue: it is surrounded by surface-to-air missiles that, William Burns dryly notes, must make it the "most heavily defended pharmaceutical plant in the world."

Even if a nation were caught making chemical weapons, who could enforce the rules, short of military action? Would the guilty government dismantle its own facility—particularly if the plant also produced agricultural and pharmaceutical products? Perhaps more to the point, would other nations agree to halt the lucrative export of the component parts? As the Reagan Administration learned in its dealings with Iran, it is hard enough for nations to abide by an arms embargo, let alone enforce one.

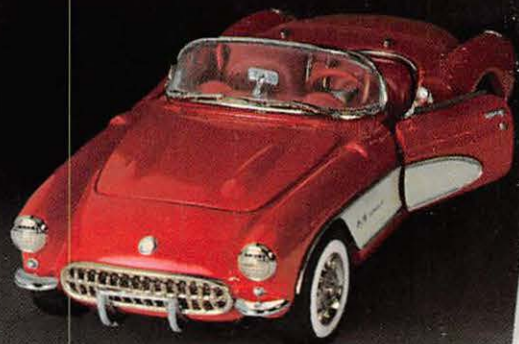
—By Jill Smolowe.

Reported by B. William Mader/New York and Jay Peterzell/Washington



Source: Stockholm International Peace Research Institute

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The former White House aide leaving federal court last Nov. 21: the conspiracy charge was probably doomed from the start

Giving In to "Graymail"

North's legal strategy decreases the hope for a full airing of the Iran-contra scandal

Ever since the fiasco first popped into the headlines in 1986, millions of Americans have awaited a full exposition of the Iran-*contra* affair. They whetted their palates with appetizers from the Tower commission and sat with rapt attention through 13 weeks of televised congressional hearings, confident they were experiencing only a first course of the full meal that would follow when special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh brought Lieut. Colonel Oliver North and three alleged co-conspirators to trial.

Last week the public learned that its appetite for a complete explanation of the affair—and a judgment of who was at fault—will probably go forever unfulfilled. After spending nearly 25 months and an estimated \$13 million investigating North's role in the illegal diversion of profits from a secret Iranian arms sale to the Nicaraguan *contras*, Walsh suddenly moved to drop the most serious charges against the former National Security Council staffer. The independent counsel's action made it all but certain that the total dimensions of the scandal will never be aired in court.

Walsh gave one big reason for asking U.S. District Court Judge Gerhard Gesell to dismiss charges of conspiracy and theft of Government property against the ex-Marine: intractable problems in protecting classified information contained in docu-

ments that both the prosecution and the defense have said are essential to their efforts. Said Walsh: "A continuing problem in the case has been the protection of national-security information in light of this defendant's insistence on disclosing large quantities of such information at trial." Gesell is likely to approve Walsh's request this week.

The special prosecutor's surrender marked a victory for what some experts see as North's strategy of legal "graymail," in which he threatened to reveal some of the nation's most closely guarded

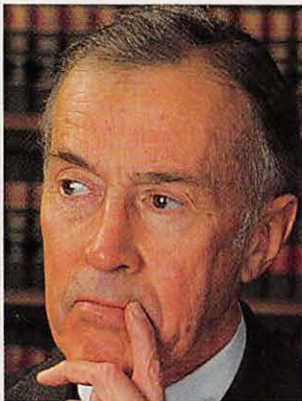
secrets if the case against him was pressed. He has applied additional pressure on the White House in the past two weeks by subpoenaing as defense witnesses at least 35 current and former Administration officials, including President Ronald Reagan and President-elect George Bush. If they refuse to testify on the grounds of national security or Executive privilege, North could argue that he is being denied a fair trial. Walsh's capitulation is likely to relieve Reagan and Bush of the need to appear. Since their testimony would relate mainly to the conspiracy charges, Justice Department officials are confident the subpoenas can be quashed.

North still stands accused of a dozen felonies, ranging from pocketing money given to him by *contra* leader Adolfo Calero that was intended to help obtain release of American hostages in Lebanon to obstructing a presidential inquiry and lying to congressional committees, offenses for which he could be imprisoned for 60 years and fined \$3 million. His lawyers nevertheless boasted that they had crippled the prosecution. Crowded North's chief counsel, Brendan Sullivan Jr.: "The heart of its case is destroyed." He hinted that North would continue to use the tactics that had forced dismissal of the theft and conspiracy counts, declaring that Walsh "refuses to recognize that classified informa-



"The heart of [the prosecution's] case is destroyed... classified information pervades the remaining charges as well."

—North's lawyer, Brendan Sullivan



"A... problem... has been the protection of national security information in light of [North's] insistence on disclosing large quantities... at trial."

—Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh

tion pervades the remaining charges as well."

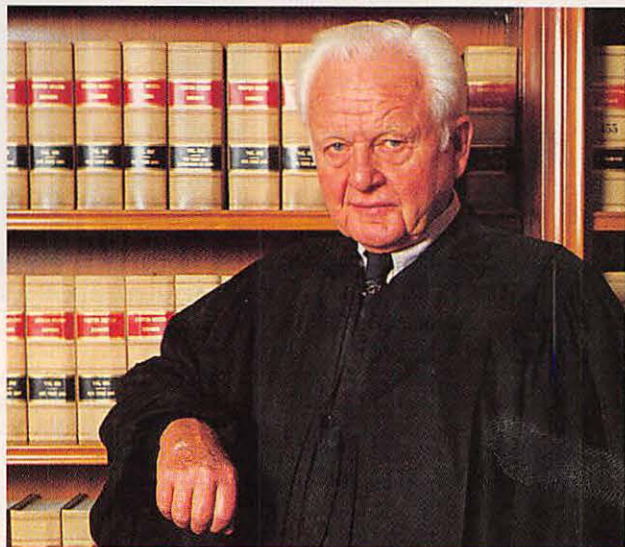
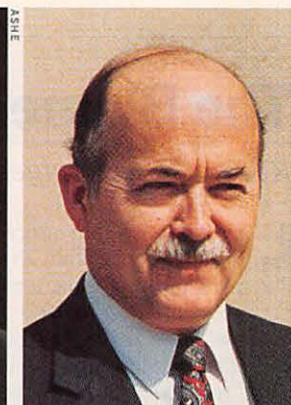
Walsh's effort to try North on the broad charge of conspiracy was probably doomed from the start. For months the special prosecutor navigated between the fears of the intelligence community that North would expose secrets and Gesell's insistence that North be given great latitude in his use of evidence. Walsh's defeat became inevitable last month when Gesell laid down rules for handling the secret data contained in the 300 classified documents the special prosecutor had planned to use. The judge would permit excision of the covert sources and methods by which the data were obtained. However, the information itself had to be presented virtually verbatim at trial.

Intelligence officials feared that exposure of intercepted messages could tip off a hostile power that its communications channels had been penetrated. Though Walsh promised to avoid unneeded exposure of secrets during the trial, there was no way he could ensure that North would do the same. The *New York Times* reported last week that on Dec. 21 a high-ranking review board, which included Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci, Secretary of State George Shultz, CIA Director William Webster and National Security Adviser Colin Powell, refused to release key classified documents covered by Gesell's order even though Walsh had warned that such actions would undercut the prosecution.

To salvage his case, Walsh appealed to Gesell to modify his directive. The judge turned him down last week, leaving the prosecutor with little alternative to dropping the theft and conspiracy counts. The dismissal of those charges makes it virtually certain that Walsh will with-



After Federal Judge Gerhard Gesell insisted that a fair trial for North required more disclosures of secrets than an intelligence review board would allow, Walsh's capitulation was all but inevitable. The prosecutor will probably also drop charges against North's confederates: Albert Hakim, Richard Secord and former National Security Adviser John Poindexter.



draw similar accusations against former National Security Adviser John Poindexter, retired Air Force General Richard Secord and businessman Albert Hakim, though they too still face a range of charges such as obstructing Congress and offering illegal gratuities to North.

Legal experts are divided on whether the narrower case against North will have better odds for conviction. North's threat to use graymail against the remaining charges could backfire, according to some lawyers. "Right now Oliver North is not viewed as a graymailer; he is viewed as a patriot," says former Watergate assistant prosecutor Richard Ben-Veniste. That outlook could change, Ben-Veniste suggests, as the focus of the case shifts from the unauthorized conduct of foreign policy to the seedier allegations of shredding documents, lying to Congress and diverting money for North's own use.

President Reagan pronounced that Walsh's decision "satisfies our problem, which has been ... concern about national security." Reagan's critics claim that the President, who has praised North as a "national hero," may have let the ex-Marine off the hook without taking the politically risky step of formally pardoning him. Late last week Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell indicated that he wanted a Senate committee review of Walsh's decision. Already the judge has postponed the planned Jan. 31 start of the trial in the wake of these new developments. If the rest of Walsh's case collapses, the most embarrassing scandal of Reagan's presidency will end as it began—in confusion and controversy. —By Steven Holmes/Washington

First Gusts from an Ill Wind

Unlike the Iran-*contra* investigation, another drawn-out federal probe was finally starting to produce results. Operation Ill Wind—the two-year Justice Department inquiry into whether defense contractors bribed Pentagon officials for contract information—blew in its first indictments and guilty pleas. Two defense contractors and nine men, including a middle-ranking Pentagon official, were hit with charges that include fraud, conspiracy, racketeering and bribery.

The charges focused on William Parkin and Fred Lackner, both private defense consultants, and Stuart E. Berlin, former head of the Navy's ship-engineering section at the Space and Naval Warfare Systems Command. Court papers describe a scheme in which California's Teledyne Industries paid Parkin and Lackner to obtain confidential information about Government procurement plans for a system to identify military aircraft. They in turn bribed Berlin to turn over the information. Parkin was also charged with paying Berlin to help New York's Hazeltine Corp. win a contract for a radar test device. Hazeltine and two of its executives pleaded guilty, as did a Teledyne employee. All are expected to testify against the other defendants.

Last week's indictments were a far cry from the scores of prosecutions originally anticipated. But the government indicated that many more cases were on the way. Ill Wind, it appears, is likely to keep on blowing. ■

The Blame Game Begins

Reagan's last budget presages a flap over Bush's first

Like all those that preceded it, the final budget that President Reagan will unveil this week asks Congress for more spending than revenue. Reagan will nevertheless hail it as a blow against government profligacy, and in the looking-glass world of federal budget-making, he will have a point.

The \$1.2 trillion spending plan for fiscal 1990 predicts a deficit of \$93 billion, a smaller overdraft than those Reagan requested and got in earlier years, when he blamed Democrats for the deficit. It calls for a \$4 billion hike in defense spending, \$10 billion cuts in programs that mainly benefit the middle class and a \$4 billion jump in Government efforts to assist the poor. There are some wildly optimistic assumptions, such as the forecast that over the next year interest rates will fall a whopping 2.7 percentage points.

Not that the details matter much. At best the seven-volume, 3,000-page document will serve as a starting point in an elaborate budgetary blame game pitting Reagan's successor, George Bush, against his rivals in the Democratic-controlled Congress. Each side is intent on holding the other responsible for the painful and unpopular combination of program cuts and new revenues that will be needed to reduce the projected deficit of \$127 billion to the \$100 billion mandated under the



Will Mitchell and Bush still be all smiles after the inauguration?

Political chicken: Who will make the first move?

Gramm-Rudman deficit-reduction law. In a ritual game of budgetary chicken, neither side wants to offer the first specific ideas for cuts. Says a senior Bush transition official: "Cutting people's pet programs is a terribly negative way to start your Administration. We plan to postpone that as long as possible and let Congress clean up its own mess." Democratic leaders of Congress retort that Bush promised to balance the budget without new taxes or restraint on Social Security. Says Senate Democratic leader George Mitchell: "It is protocol, it is tradition, and it is correct for the President to set

forth his budget goals first and for the Congress to act."

Bush promised last week to reveal ideas for reducing the deficit at a special joint session of Congress shortly after his Inauguration. He has also asked House and Senate leaders to join him in early budget talks. Bush's designated budget director, Richard Darman, has discussed with Republican leaders the idea of dividing the budget into five to 20 categories, such as "national security" and "health care," and putting an overall spending limit on each. Added together, the reductions would slice the deficit to \$100 billion. It would be up to Congress to fill in the blanks by deciding which programs in each category would have to be slashed to meet the overall target.

This draft plan would, according to a Republican insider, "let Bush stake out the high ground on the deficit issue," and at low political cost. The new President could claim to have fulfilled his campaign pledge to meet the deficit-cutting targets without new taxes, but avoid the need to identify specific programs for the budget ax. That is precisely why key Democrats like Mitchell and House Budget Committee Chairman Leon Panetta dismiss the vague outline as a political ploy. Last week even some Republican officials urged Darman and Bush to go a half-step further and list "broad proposals" to reform Medicare and farm subsidies. But like any smart card-player, Bush has no intention of showing his hand.

—By Dan Goodgame.

With reporting by Hays Gorey/Washington

Grapevine

HELP WANTED. Richard Darman usually comes alone to budget-planning sessions, partly because of his trouble hiring senior staffers to help run the Office of Management and Budget. Of six ideal job candidates, says a Darman associate, "Dick is probably not going to get more than one." While Darman is known as a brilliant but abrasive idea man, the reluctance to work with him stems mostly from his lack of managerial experience.

HOT TICKET. With a President-elect who claims Texas roots and hunts quail in the Lone Star State, the big event of the Washington Inauguration is the Black Tie and Boots Ball, a Jan. 21 bash thrown by the Texas State Society. With tickets scarce, one petitioner wanted birth certificates presented at the doors to exclude non-Texans. No chance: George Bush was born in Massachusetts.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT ATTACK. Months before the unveiling of the pricey (about \$500 million each) B-2 Stealth bomber, a top Pentagon official tried to shoot the plane down. At a June meeting of the secretive Defense Resources Board, Under Sec-

retary of Defense for Acquisition Robert Costello recommended that the Pentagon kill the B-2 because of its rising price and quality problems. Costello's move failed, but he did get the Air Force's attention and persuaded the manufacturer to trim costs.

EUREKA! WE'LL TAKE IT!

Once it's built in Simi Valley, Calif., scholars will flock to the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library to sift through state papers.

But for those more interested in the Gipper's favorite belt buckle (THE BUCKAROO STOPS HERE) or his ceremonial desk-top jar of jelly beans, there will be another presidential repository: Eureka College, in central Illinois. The outgoing Chief has donated more than 500 such items to his alma mater.



The jelly beans are history



The mayor dismissed his problems as the creation of a hostile press. But it was harder to deny the ills of his city, where homeless trap the warmth from heating grates with sheets of cloth



A Capital Offense

Barry's travails are just one woe for the "other Washington"

This is a tale of two cities that occupy one place but exist in two different worlds. One is Washington, the nation's capital, an enclave of sparkling white marble monuments and Government offices. The other is the District of Columbia, an overwhelmingly black city of 629,000, with an appalling crime rate, disintegrating schools and declining municipal services. That other Washington rarely steals the spotlight from the official one, but the scandal surrounding Mayor Marion S. Barry Jr. these days has focused belated attention on its mounting travails.

The beam shines mainly on the mayor. Police and federal prosecutors are investigating the latest in a string of embarrassing episodes involving women and drugs that has plagued Barry during his three terms. Three weeks ago, detectives looking into allegations that former District employee Charles Lewis was selling drugs from his room in a downtown hotel were about to attempt an undercover drug purchase, but they abruptly departed after being informed that the mayor was visiting the suspect. A subsequent search by police of Lewis' room, which was billed to the credit card of a Barry aide, revealed traces of cocaine, though investigators could not determine how long the drugs had been there.

After news of the aborted bust leaked to the press, Barry held a series of self-pitying press conferences, blaming the press and political opponents for his problems. "There are lingering questions I'll never be able to convince a lot of people of," Barry said with a shrug. "They don't understand my complex, I suppose, personality." He added to the confusion by first offering to take a drug test "if it will

help matters," then waffling on the offer.

To add to Barry's woes, a federal grand jury and the Department of the Interior, which oversees the affairs of the U.S. Virgin Islands, are sifting records of a \$250,000 project in which Barry and other District employees were to provide the islands with personnel policy advice. Much of the money seems to have gone for luxury hotel rooms and meals. The manager of the project, until he was fired for suspected misuse of funds: Charles Lewis.

Barry is an unlikely choice as a personnel expert. Eleven of his former aides have gone to the slammer for various crimes, including stealing city funds. A dozen more have departed under a cloud. The District's municipal work force of 47,000 is among the nation's most over-size and inefficient. Its most egregious shortcoming is the shoddy service it provides to poor and working-class blacks, who constitute Barry's most solid base of political support.

Life in the other Washington has been getting tougher. Last summer Barry had to resolve a city ambulance crisis after several people died because poorly trained drivers got lost on the way to rescues. With a record 372 homicides last year, Washington has the nation's third highest murder rate. More than half the killings were related to the large quantities of drugs sold in some 200 street markets around town. Before declining slightly in 1987, the city's infant-mortality rate reached a Third World level of 21 deaths per 1,000 live births, more than twice the national average. Though its income and inheritance taxes are among the nation's highest and though some 17% of its \$2 billion budget is provided by federal subsidy,

the District faces a deficit this year of around \$175 million.

Despite his regime's performance, Barry is still popular with black voters. "People are quick to forget all that he's done for us," says public-housing activist Kimi Gray. In racially divided Washington, white residents of comfortable neighborhoods in the city's northwest seldom stray into the areas where most black citizens dwell. Many blacks believe that whites are following a devious "plan" to regain political control of the District by embarrassing black officials. The mayor has survived by playing on that fear and, like any good political boss, distributing favors to his constituents.

Loyalty to Barry may be costing Washingtonians their long-cherished dream of gaining voting representation in Congress through a congressional amendment granting statehood to the District. Says Mark Plotkin, a member of the city's Democratic committee: "We ask members of Congress, 'What about statehood?' and they look at us and say, 'What about the mayor?'"

In 1978 Barry was elected to his first term with predominantly white support. In the city's overwhelmingly white Ward 3, for instance, he took 51% of the vote. That figure had dwindled to 15% by his second re-election in 1986. The dismay seems to be spreading across the city. In a recent Washington *Post* poll, 41% of the respondents believed Barry was doing a poor job. Only 20% gave him high marks. "Barry is his own worst enemy," says Lowell Duckett, head of the D.C. Black Police Caucus. "Black leadership is going to have to hold black elected officials accountable for their actions." Especially if the other Washington is ever to begin functioning effectively again.

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Jerome Cramer and Elaine Shannon/Washington

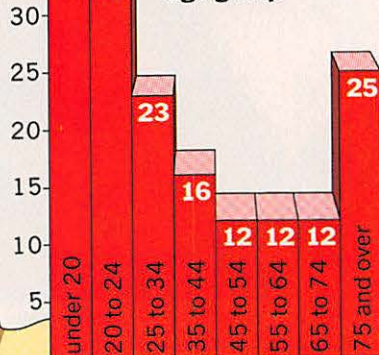
Can a Driver Be Too Old?

Fender benders and fatalities raise fears over elderly motorists

In Tuscola, Ill., Pearl Kamm, 77, began a road test to renew her driver's license last summer by backing the car over a curb and into a tree. Then she plowed through the plate-glass windows of the driver-testing center, killing a woman who was waiting to take a vision test and injuring three others.

As America's population grows older, such highway horror stories are becoming more common. Currently 12% of the pop-

Accidents per 100 drivers in each age group



TIME Chart by Joe Lertola

to 10% between 1985 and 1987, the Department of Transportation randomly selects as many as 1,500 senior citizens due for license renewal and calls them in for medical, vision, written and possible driving tests. As a result, 20% of the licenses are revoked, voluntarily surrendered or subjected to such restrictions as limiting the driver to daytime hours.

After a proposed license-renewal law aimed at the elderly foundered on charges of age discrimination, Florida enacted regulations ordering all new residents, regardless of age, to pass both written and driving tests.

"There's a great need to gradually restrict licensing," says Jane Lange, director of the medical-review program for Arizona's department of motor vehicles. "People age at different rates, so, ideally, it should be

done on a case-by-case basis."

Attempts to stiffen requirements for older drivers can collide with other concerns. Many auto-insurance companies offer discount rates to drivers over 65 because they tend to drive less frequently and to avoid hazardous situations like rush-hour traffic and bad weather. Another issue is compassion: depriving many senior citizens of their licenses would amount to robbing them of their independence. "The use of a car is particularly important to older citizens," says Florida Congressman Claude Pepper, 88. "It's a vital link to the outside world."

Perhaps the best way to reconcile safety and mobility is to teach elderly motorists to compensate for the physical liabilities that often come with age. Since 1979, more than a million senior drivers have completed the American Association of Retired Persons' "55 Alive/Mature Driving" program, an eight-hour driver-education course taught in 17,000 classrooms across the U.S. for a nominal fee. Says Michael Seaton, creator of the A.A.R.P. program: "Older drivers want to be safe on the road. Most have never had a high school driver's-education class, and they enjoy the course." As the A.A.R.P. program and ones like it expand, so too will the odds that older drivers will safely enjoy the open road well into their golden years. —By James Carney.

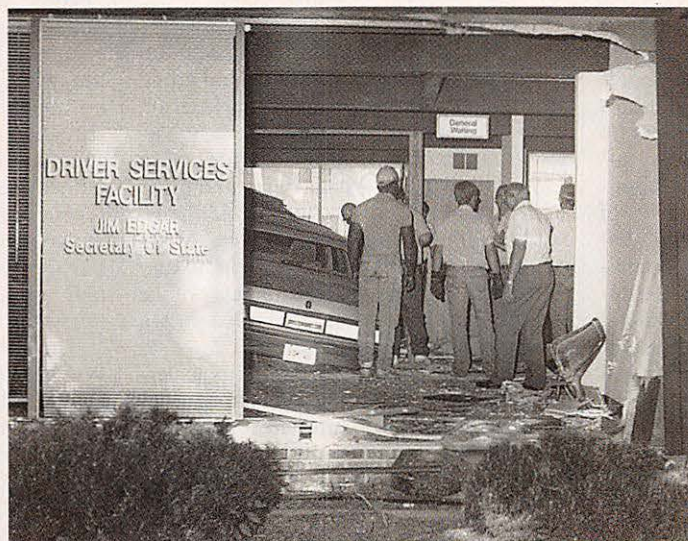
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Bruce Henderson/Miami

ulation is 65 or older, a figure expected to reach 17% in the next 40 years. While dangerous drivers come in all ages—the most menacing, in fact, are still the youngest—there is a growing nationwide effort to ensure that older people with licenses either drive safely or get off the road.

Until recently, it was widely believed that older drivers were the safest because they are involved in the fewest accidents overall of any age group. But those statistics do not weigh the fact that senior citizens tend to drive fewer miles than their younger counterparts. A 1988 study by the Transportation Research Board and the National Research Council discovered that elderly drivers rank second only to 16-to-24-year-olds in the number of accidents per mile driven. Similarly, the Insurance Information Institute reports that drivers 75 and over are more accident-prone than all but those under 25.

While younger drivers often suffer most from poor judgment, the safety problems of elderly drivers are more likely to be rooted in the normal processes of aging: diminishing vision and hearing, slowing reflexes and decreasing attention spans. Experts find a link between these kinds of physical degeneration and the driving errors the elderly most often commit: failing to yield the right-of-way, making overly wide left turns, and crashing into other vehicles when backing up.

These are familiar problems to some residents of California, Arizona and Flor-



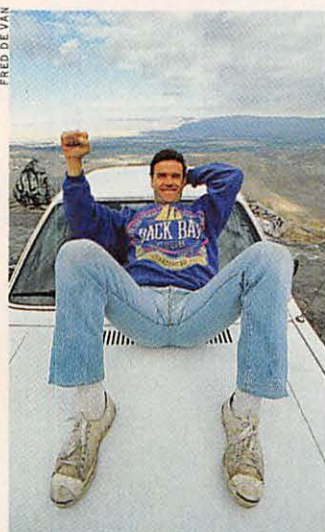
Rescuers on the scene after 77-year-old driver failed her road test

ida, all states with large colonies of retirees. In Florida 17% of all motorists are 65 and over, and an astonishing 22,268 are 90 or over. In the wealthier districts of metropolises, like Tampa-St. Petersburg and Miami, the profusion of elderly drivers has acquired an unkind nickname: the "cataracts and Cadillacs" syndrome. In 1982 a public hue and cry arose over the driving record of an 81-year-old Miami Beach woman who surrendered her license after a 39-month streak during which she struck eleven people, killing three and critically injuring five.

Before the advent of age-discrimination laws, 14 states passed legislation requiring older drivers to take tests to get their licenses renewed. In Pennsylvania, where the percentage of fatal accidents involving the elderly increased from 7%

American Notes

FRED DE VAN



Slow-riding, still smiling Barish

CALIFORNIA

Low-Speed Chase

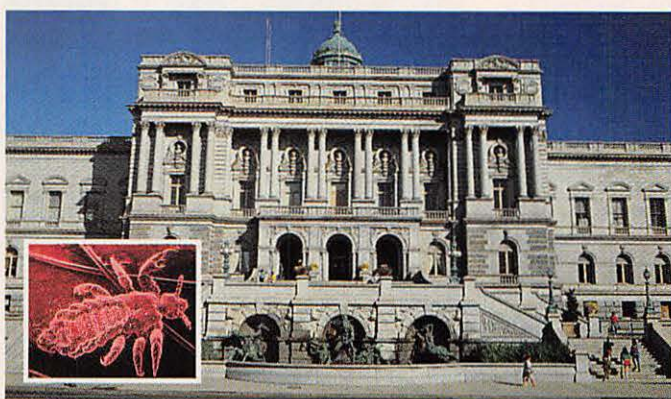
Even by the laid-back standards of Southern California, it was a slow-motion arrest. Just outside Malibu last week, highway patrol officer Donna Urqidi noticed that a slow-moving 1978 Volkswagen was creating a traffic jam and ordered its driver to pull off the road. But as Urqidi left her car, the VW took off. With lights flashing and sirens screaming, Urqidi and two other patrol cars set off in less than hot pursuit of the escaping vehicle. And followed. And followed. And followed. Through the San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside and San Diego counties. For four hours and more than 150 miles, tag teams of highway patrol cars and a Los Angeles police helicopter tailed the VW, which never exceeded the 55-m.p.h. speed limit, until driver Brett Barish finally ran out of gas near San Diego.

Once they ran him down, police charged Barish, 29, with driving under the influence of alcohol, evading arrest, driving without a valid license and several other outstanding warrants. Throughout the marathon pursuit, police never attempted to run him off the road. Explained a spokesman: "That only works in the movies."

WASHINGTON

A Ticklish Problem

Visitors to the quiet confines of the Library of Congress reading rooms are often left scratching their heads by some bewildering text. But since last month they have had another reason for creeping feelings of paresthesia in the cranial zone: head lice. Library staffers noticed traces of *Pediculus humanus capitis* on a newspaper in a periodical reading room. An entomologist identified the problem and discovered that the little critters had invaded a nearby theater and music room. All the affected areas were vacuumed and heavily doused with insecticides, and



At the library: where head lice attack bookworms

newspapers were placed in a refrigerated truck in an attempt to freeze out any eggs hiding inside. Despite these measures, a second infestation was found just before Christmas, prompting another visit

by the exterminator. Officials in charge of the anti-bug offensive hope the library is now free of the little louses, so that scholars can resume the habit of scratching their heads in thought.

GOVERNORS

Two Dukes Bow Out

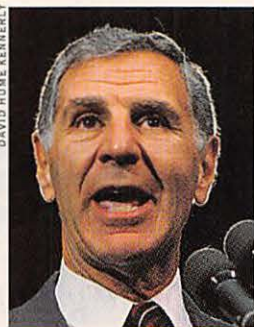
State politics on both coasts got unexpected jolts last week when Massachusetts' Governor Michael Dukakis and California's George Deukmejian walked away from probable re-election victories in 1990, announcing their decisions within two days of each other. Their withdrawals set off stampedes among politicians in both states eager to, uh, duke it out to replace them.

In a hastily called Boston news conference, Dukakis re-

vealed he would not seek an unprecedented fourth term and would instead concentrate on wiping out his state's \$636 million budget deficit. Said a philosophical Dukakis: "There comes a time when you have to let go." His withdrawal fueled speculation that Dukakis wants to avenge his stinging

loss to George Bush last November by mounting another, probably unwelcome, presidential bid in 1992. The Governor refused to rule out such a replay, coyly observing, "I've learned—occasionally painfully—never to say never in politics."

Deukmejian had much less difficulty saying goodbye. Rejecting the pleas of California Republicans, the two-term Governor, 60, who now earns an \$85,000 salary, insisted he wished to return to private life. Concluded a political observer: "The bottom line is that he's tired and wants to make some money."



Duke of the West



Duke of the East

HUMAN RIGHTS

Let's Meet In Moscow

There was more proof last week of a new era of cooperation and trust in U.S.-Soviet relations. The State Department disclosed that President Reagan has approved U.S. participation in a controversial human-rights conference to be held in Moscow in 1991. The White House had long resisted

taking part in the 35-nation forum because of suspicions that the Soviets would turn it into a high-profile propaganda show designed to embarrass the U.S. on a number of issues, including its policies in Central America. Secretary of State George Shultz urged both Reagan and President-elect Bush to accept the invitation, arguing that under Mikhail Gorbachev the Soviets are steadily improving their human-rights record by releasing political

prisoners, allowing greater Jewish emigration, and ending the jamming of Western radio broadcasts. By joining the session, the Administration hopes to win Soviet agreement to close out a conference on European security and cooperation in Vienna, providing Reagan with a final foreign policy victory. That would, in turn, allow Bush to begin substantive new talks aimed at reducing NATO and Warsaw Pact conventional forces.



The god who became a man: the Emperor in a 1986 appearance . . .



. . . and wearing an enthronement robe at his coronation in 1926

World

TIME/JANUARY 16, 1989

● JAPAN

The Longest Reign

With Hirohito's death, an economic giant begins a new era

The call came before 5 a.m., summoning the chief court physician to the bedside of the ailing monarch. Since September, when the aging Emperor was first stricken with internal hemorrhaging, he had remained in a second-floor bedroom of his residence within the walled, moated and heavily wooded grounds of the Imperial Palace. A victim of duodenal cancer, he grew weaker each day. Dr. Akira Takagi rushed into the palace within minutes of the summons, followed closely by Crown Prince Akihito and his wife Crown Princess Michiko, then by Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita. At 6:33 a.m. Emperor Hirohito, once worshiped by the Japanese peo-

ple as a living god, died at the age of 87.

The longest-reigning monarch on earth, Hirohito was the last survivor of the leaders of the World War II era. He occupied the Chrysanthemum Throne longer than any of his recorded predecessors. During his 62 years as Emperor, Hirohito presided over a nation that soared to heights of military arrogance, plummeted catastrophically and rose again to become a formidable industrial power. Through it all, the slight, stooped Hirohito retained an unassuming tranquillity. As Japan's national television network flashed the words TENNO-HEIKA HOGYO (the Emperor passes away) last Saturday, some of the country's 122 million citizens wept, some

prayed, some affected disinterest. All realized that an era of great change for their country, a period immortalized as the Showa era, or time of enlightened peace, was at an end.

Though the vigil for the Emperor lasted more than three months, the Japanese were not officially informed that Hirohito suffered from cancer until after he died. Within moments of the death announcement, mourners converged on the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. "Since he fell ill, I've been praying every day for his recovery," said office clerk Yuko Kitagawa, 32, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I'm just sad." The National Police Agency mobilized 15,000 police to patrol the Imperial



A leader who commanded more respect as a symbol than as a personality: Hirohito making one of his many factory-inspection visits in 1946

and Togu palaces. Many flags flew at half-staff; others were adorned with black ribbons. Japan's stock and bond markets, regularly open on Saturday, were closed. Government offices were observing a six-day mourning period, and workers were requested to refrain from festive singing or dancing. Even a major sumo-wrestling tournament was postponed a day.

In a silent four-minute ceremony that took place less than four hours after his father's death, Akihito, 55, received the imperial and state seals and replicas of two of the imperial treasures that symbolize the throne. By legend, the actual treasures—a mirror, a sword and a crescent-shaped jewel—trace back to the Shinto sun goddess Amaterasu. The government chose a name for Emperor Akihito's reign: Heisei, the achievement of complete peace on earth and in the heavens.

To many Westerners, the idea of the Japanese monarchy seems a paradox in a country that has become the cynosure of the modern industrial world. Yet the institution, the oldest of its kind on the globe, lies at the center of Japan's national psyche, characterizing both the country's flexibility and its resistance to the shock of the new. As Akihito succeeds his father, the institution and the nation are at another beginning.

In many ways, Hirohito perfectly reflected his country's fascination with the West. When Hirohito embarked on a six-month tour of Europe in 1921, he became the first member of the Japanese royal family to set foot outside his homeland. For the rest of his life, the Emperor treasured the Paris subway ticket

that was his first purchase and a reminder of his first glimpse of freedom. He also took home a taste for Western food and clothes that he never lost. In 1975, 54 years after he expressed a determination to visit the U.S., Hirohito finally realized his dream. During his 15-day tour, he attended a football game, met John Wayne and visited Disneyland. For years thereafter, a Mickey Mouse watch could be seen on the imperial wrist.

From the beginning, the Emperor commanded more respect as a symbol than as a personality. Installed as Crown Prince at 15, he ascended to the Chrysanthemum Throne in 1926 as the 124th Living God in a dynastic line stretching back

more than 26 centuries. Children were told they would be blinded if they saw Hirohito's face; the very mention of his name was taboo. Yet Hirohito was well aware that he was to be as much pawn as ruler. Even as his advisers refrained from looking at him, they also refused to listen to him. His divine authority was not enough to suppress the military officers who began taking control of the country in the 1930s.

Hirohito's reticence made it difficult to determine whether he was guilty of complicity in, or mere compliance with, the expansionism that characterized Japan during his first two decades as Emperor. Ultimately 2.3 million Japanese soldiers and 800,000 civilians died in World War II. But most of the evidence suggests that Hirohito was at heart a peace-loving man. At a Cabinet meeting in 1941, when his ministers agitated for the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Emperor surprised them all by suddenly reciting a poem composed by his grandfather, the Emperor Meiji: "In a world/ Where all the seas/ Are brethren/ Why then do wind and wave/ So stridently clash?" With that, he fell silent.

Silence, however, finally proved untenable. In 1945, with Tokyo aflame, Hiroshima and Nagasaki reduced to rubble, and military officers still eager to fight, the Emperor insisted on announcing his country's surrender. As he spoke, he publicly betrayed emotion for almost the only time in his life: his voice broke.

Later that month the poker-faced monarch humbly presented himself



Ruler and pawn: armed forces Commander in Chief in 1940

before a moved and astonished General Douglas MacArthur to accept full responsibility for all his country's martial transgressions. In 1946 Hirohito renounced the "false conception that the Emperor is divine." Commoners were no longer forbidden to look at his face. The state confiscated most of his \$250 million fortune.

The shedding of divine status came naturally, perhaps, to a man who had never seemed at home amid the panoply of godhood. Instead of the ornate Imperial Palace, Hirohito chose to live in a nondescript two-story Western-style house deep inside the palace grounds. Rather than hold court in resplendent formal dress, he preferred to putter around in battered Panama hat and short-sleeved shirt. More than formal dinners, he relished quiet nights at home with Empress Nagako, now 85, a cheerful wife with whom he had two sons and five daughters.

Hirohito's greatest pleasure was the study of marine biology, which he enthusiastically conducted in a laboratory built for him on his palace grounds. It was far more than a hobby: he published several books on the subject, and was a leading authority on jellyfish (medusae). The Emperor also kept himself busy by observing the ceremonial duties demanded of him by the postwar constitution. Despite his fondness for privacy, he diligently opened the Diet (parliament), welcomed foreign envoys and brushstroked his signature on about 1,200 state papers a year. The Emperor even bravely made the rounds of factories, though his shyness was so intense that he almost never ventured any comment except "A so desu ka? [Is that so?]" Once, it is said, he was ushered into a receiving room to greet a visiting dignitary. The door was opened to reveal an empty hall. The Emperor peered into the chamber, bowed and turned to his aides: "Most interesting and pleasant. We should have more ceremonies like this."

Most important, Hirohito, in his constancy and serenity, served as an inspiration and a comfort to his people. While gamely adapting himself to the wrenching changes of postwar Japan, he continued to incarnate many of his culture's most ancient and hallowed customs. One of them required the Emperor to compose a traditional poem each year. In 1946, with his country broken and his role diminished, Hirohito took his leave of divine status with this calm verse: "Under the weight of winter snow/ The pine tree's branches bend/ But do not break." By 1987, he could write a different verse about his rebuilt land: "Year by year, as our country/ Has recovered from the war/ The dawn redwood has grown taller."

—By Pico Iyer

Akihito: The Son Also Rises

He is a slight, unprepossessing figure who has passed most of his life puttering contentedly beyond the reach of history's spotlight. His time has been spent writing monographs on the goby (a spiny-finned fish of the Gobiidae family), playing the cello and raising his two sons and one daughter. His official duties have kept him fitfully in the public eye but not in the popular imagination. As Crown Prince Akihito ascends Japan's Chrysanthemum Throne, he remains a mystery to his countrymen and a cipher to the world.

Akihito was born on Dec. 23, 1933, the long-awaited first son of Hirohito and Empress Nagako, who had already produced four girls. In time-honored imperial fashion, the prince was separated from his parents at about the age of three and raised by nurses, tutors and chamberlains. Yet in a departure from custom, at six Akihito was sent to school with commoners in order to broaden him. When the Allies began closing in on Japan during World War II, he and some of his classmates were evacuated to provincial cities.



The new Emperor and Empress in Nikko

The Crown Prince showed his mettle in 1959 when he chose for his bride Michiko Shoda, the first nonaristocrat elevated to royal consort. Apprehensive about becoming a member of the royal family, she was at first reluctant to accept Akihito's proposal, but his passionate wooing won her over. They were married amid nationwide celebration.

The couple set up house in the Togu Goshu, the Crown Prince's unpretentious residence half a mile from the Imperial Palace. But reports soon filtered out that Empress Nagako resented the intrusion of a commoner into the family. The situation was exacerbated when, in another break with tradition, Akihito and Michiko chose to raise their children—Prince Hiro, now 28,

Prince Aya, 23, and Princess Nori, 19—at home. In 1986 they stepped further into workaday modernity when they took their first subway ride.

As Crown Prince, Akihito began his workday at 10 a.m., planning public appearances and receiving visitors. Later the family would gather in the palace sitting room for tea and cake—and for Prince Hiro, perhaps a slug of whiskey, which he learned to savor during two years at Oxford's Merton College. The eligible Prince Hiro, an aspiring historian, overshadows his father in the public mind because Japanese newspapers have unleashed squads of reporters to cover the big story: whom he will marry and when.

Like Hirohito, who was an avid amateur marine biologist, Akihito became an expert on fish. He is also a dedicated musician, and the palace often resounds with impromptu concerts of Mozart, Grieg or Beethoven; Akihito is a fine cellist and is joined by his wife playing the harp, Hiro on viola, Aya on the guitar and Nori at the piano. Says chief chamberlain Yasuo Shigeta: "This is a family so full of sweet music."

For all his majesty, Akihito has never projected a clear public image. "His great natural dignity is combined with a shyness which sometimes seems like hauteur; and the ability to suffer fools gladly, which is so great an asset to any public figure, is apparently missing," wrote Elizabeth Gray Vining in her 1952 book *Windows for the Crown Prince*. Vining, a Philadelphia Quaker, tutored the Crown Prince in English during the late 1940s, but her description still seems valid: "He has a better than average mind, clear, analytical, independent, with a turn for original thought. He is aware of his destiny; he accepts it soberly." Now, nearly four decades later, Akihito and his destiny have finally come together.

—By Michael Walsh

Reported by S. Chang and Seiichi Kanise/Tokyo



A burgeoning list of products that are hard to find, rationed or simply unavailable: a few apples at a private farmers' market in Moscow

SOVIET UNION

Why the Bear's Cupboards Are Bare

Despite Gorbachev's promises, consumers seethe over shortages and empty shelves

Nearly four years ago, Mikhail Gorbachev pledged that the payoff for *perestroika* (economic restructuring) would be an increase in the quality and availability of consumer goods. So far, to the profound distress of Gorbachev's supporters and the growing impatience of Soviet citizenry, precisely the opposite has taken place. The arrival of the new year, traditionally a time of gift giving and feasting in the Soviet Union, served only to highlight the burgeoning list of products that are hard to find, rationed or simply unavailable. Even Gorbachev sounded dispirited over what has turned into the most severe consumer crisis in recent memory. "Perestroika gave rise to great expectations in society," he noted in his New Year's message. "But changes are not coming as fast as we would all like them to."

That assessment, if anything, understates the level of disillusionment. Soviet products that have often been in short supply, like meat and butter, are scarcer than ever this year. In the Russian Republic, the Soviet region that is home to about half the country's population, meat available at state stores is so scarce that 1 out of every 3 consumers obtains a ration card to ensure a supply. Now, however, everyday items like good shoes and toilet paper are also missing from the shelves. Shop-

pers in Moscow are queuing for laundry detergent, and last week the capital was virtually bereft of gasoline.

Nor do the shortages seem to lend themselves to quick solutions. When sugar suddenly grew scarce 18 months ago, most consumers blamed Gorbachev's antialcoholism drive, which diverted sub-

stantial quantities of the commodity into home brewing. Authorities have somewhat relaxed their original strictures on liquor production, but sugar is still rationed in 67 of the Russian Republic's 86 administrative districts. Other goods that are frequently hard to find: good cheese, coffee, chocolate, fresh fruit and bath towels. "Fruit and vegetables have always been scarce in the Russian winter," said a gray-haired man shopping on Moscow's Kutuzovsky Prospekt. "But it's worse than ever this year."

"The planners of *perestroika* are baffled," says Marshall Shulman, professor emeritus of Russian studies at Columbia University. "They don't know how to proceed because they found the economic situation far worse than their worst expectations. They are searching for new ways, but without luck so far." Price reform, perhaps the key element in *perestroika*'s ultimate success, has been postponed until at least 1990.

Glasnost has made the shortages seem even more acute. Soviet publications have lately devoted page after page to the plague of consumer shortages, documenting their intensity in editorial columns and letting readers vent their rage in letters sections. "Shortages attack us literally from all sides," complained the daily

Coffee

Seldom drunk 15 years ago, but widely available at about \$3 per lb. Now much more popular—and scarce—at \$14.55 per lb.

Toilet Paper

Chronically in short supply. Consumers frequently make do with substitutes, usually newspaper ripped into square pieces.

Laundry Soap

Grated into washing machines and costing about 36¢ a bar, laundry soap has virtually disappeared. Luxury soap can still be found, \$1.60 a bar.

Sugar

Gorbachev's antialcohol campaign two years ago prompted many Soviets to divert large quantities of sugar to moonshine. Sometimes available in Moscow, scarcer in most other areas.

Tea

Long lines for all imported brands, including Indian varieties that were once abundant. Georgian tea is cheaper and easier to buy, but it is rejected by more discriminating drinkers.

TIME Chart

It's got the



body. It's got the moves.

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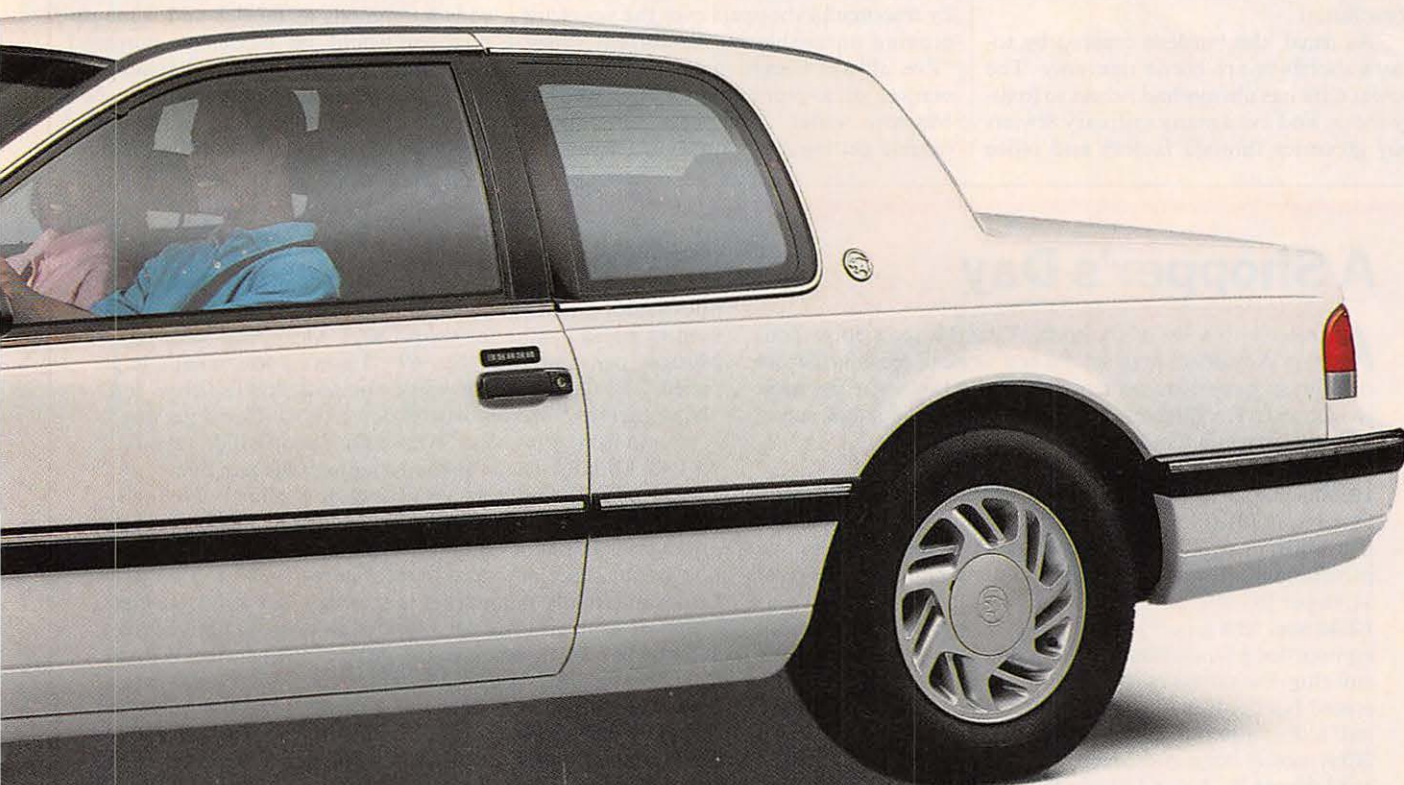
on LS, that helps you maintain steering control in heavy braking situations and helps improve stopping distances up to 25% on slick surfaces. Four wheel independent suspension that commands a smoother ride on any road. And speed-sensitive variable-assist power steering that incrementally controls the steering effort to match your needs, so you get maximum assist for low speed maneuvers, like parking, and minimal assist at higher speeds for proper road "feel" and precise cornering.

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Vechernyaya Moskva. "It seems that soon it will be difficult to name an item that doesn't fall into a shortage category."

Perhaps the most damning indictment of the Soviet economy was published late last month by economist Alexander Zaychenko in the monthly journal of the Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies. He charged that Soviet food products, housing, health care and consumer goods are not only poor in quality but also among the most expensive in the world in terms of the labor needed to produce them. As for the Soviet diet, which contains 28 lbs. of meat annually, according to official figures, Zaychenko scoffed that 10 lbs. of that is actually lard and bone, and calculated that the average Soviet eats only about one-third as much meat as the 55 lbs. consumed by an average American. In a comparison that might have cost him his job not too long ago, the economist asserted that the people of the Soviet Union today have a worse diet than the Russians under Czar Nicholas II in 1913, a year of prosperity before World War I and the October Revolution.

As usual, the burdens created by today's shortfalls are borne unevenly. The Soviet elite has always had access to luxury shops, and even many ordinary Soviets buy groceries through factory and office



Growing impatience: a Moscow shopper waits her turn in line

"The planners of perestroika are baffled by the situation."

outlets that offer a wider selection than is available in state stores. But not all rubles are created equal: a top Soviet bureaucrat can buy a food package that may include canned crab, high-quality cheese, imported hard salami and lean meat. For a factory worker, the package would more likely contain chicken, less desirable cheese, domestic sausage and canned fish. Even some of the artful dodges developed by resourceful shoppers over the years are proving unreliable in the current crisis. "I've always bought meat on the black market at a premium," says a well-off Moscow writer. "But now I'm having trouble getting meat anywhere. Even the

larder of the black market is growing bare."

The Soviet Union's winter of discontent is caused partly by the predictable functioning of the capitalist law of supply and demand. Soviet salaries have risen an average of roughly 8% over the past three years. Meanwhile, production of big-ticket consumer items like refrigerators and automobiles has been increasing at a much lower rate. As a result, says Yuri Luzhkov, chairman of the state committee responsible for Moscow's food supply, "people are investing their new money in food"—and, in the process, creating the current spate of product shortages. Jan Vanous, research director of PlanEcon, a

Washington-based think tank, agrees that Soviet supply and demand has gone seriously out of kilter. "By allowing increased purchasing power and providing nothing more to spend it on, the authorities have created a mind-boggling situation," he says.

Economic planning seems to be in disarray. Pricing officials announced two weeks ago that state subsidies for such consumer goods as fabrics and some appliances would be modestly increased. But the plan contradicts Gorbachev's announced intention to make prices reflect the true costs of production and to curtail subsidies. Last week authorities unveiled

A Shopper's Day

Armed with a list of six items, *TIME* Moscow correspondent Ann Blackman set out last week to see what Soviet consumers experience when they try to buy even the most basic goods. On Blackman's list: beef, apples, carrots, sugar, laundry soap and toothpaste.

12:30 p.m. I go into a two-counter shop near my apartment. One bin holds small yellowish apples that have played host to a worm or two. Ten minutes later I find better apples at a private stand. I wait in line three minutes and buy a dozen at \$1.88 per lb.

12:45 p.m. At a grocery store that will close in 15 minutes for an hour-long lunch break, a saleslady tries to keep me from entering. But others push past her, so I join the rush. A refrigerated bin holds brown paper bags filled with ground meat, half a dozen scrawny chickens and four packages of beef—fatty, mostly bone and covered in grimy cellophane—priced at \$1.60 per lb. I stand in line for 14 minutes and buy a 2-lb. package of beef. There had been some sugar that morning, an employee informs me, and there may be some in the afternoon. I pass an outdoor state fruit stand that will not open for nearly an hour. Seventeen people are already in line, waiting for prized tangerines.

1:22 p.m. A good sign: a long queue just inside a hardware

store. Obviously, something scarce is available. It turns out to be laundry soap, brown waxy bars that people must grate into washing machines. I join the line, No. 68. "We never used to stand in line for soap," says Alexandra Vasivna, a Moscow pensioner and No. 69. "I don't know what's happened." I hold her place while she sees how much is left. "Nine cartons," she reports. "I don't know if we'll get any." A man in front grumbles, "We would if people didn't hoard." At 1:48, I finally reach the soap counter. One bar, 36¢.

1:50 p.m. I rush to a store about to close for lunch. No toothpaste here. I head for the private farmers' market, where prices are too high for most Soviets but the quality and selection are far superior to that in state stores.

2:10 p.m. Usually the market is crowded, but today business is as limp as the rotting persimmons on display. I buy carrots at \$1.64 per lb., three times the price of their frail cousins at the state store but six times better looking.

3:15 p.m. Already exhausted, I walk four more blocks through ankle-deep slush to another store for toothpaste. I select some, proceed to a separate counter to a cashier with an abacus, pay the bill, then go back to the toothpaste counter with a stamped ticket to pick up my purchase.

3:40 p.m. Home at last. Elapsed shopping time: 3 hr. 10 min. Total cost of purchases: \$9.42. I never did find sugar. But that's not unusual. What impresses one is the constant struggle the Soviets must go through every day to buy those things that so many Westerners take for granted. ■

new rules barring private cooperatives from engaging in certain kinds of businesses—for example, selling jewelry and renting videos. Only five days before these restrictions were announced, Gorbachev had called for a "stronger cooperative movement" during 1989.

Last fall, for the first time in two decades, the Soviets stopped publishing monthly economic statistics. Soviet economic planners not long ago discussed making the ruble a convertible currency. That would undoubtedly involve a massive devaluation of the Soviet currency, which is worth \$1.60 at the official rate and about 20¢ on the black market. More recently authorities have said it will be at least 15 years before such a move occurs. Some Western analysts have suggested that Moscow should spend some of its estimated \$80 billion in gold reserves on consumer products from the West. But Soviet officials have long held that any dependence on the West would be a dangerous precedent.

Partly to mollify frustrated Soviet shoppers, authorities last week announced new restrictions on the export of Soviet appliances by visitors from abroad. As a practical matter, the rules will affect mainly East Europeans paying for their travel with other soft currencies who sometimes find in the Soviet Union products that are scarce at home. Western visitors and residents will continue to have access to a wider selection of consumer goods than most Soviets enjoy at stores called *beriozka*s that deal only in much desired hard currencies.

The Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* pinpointed yet another reason for the empty store shelves. In a story accompanied by photos showing tons of consumer goods—from TV sets to champagne to vegetables—piled uselessly in railroad stations around Moscow, *Pravda* left the impression that the backup was caused by sabotage, presumably by freight handlers or other workers. Soviet officials issued a denial but in the process inadvertently indicted the whole system of transporting goods. The stockpiles, they said, were the result not of deliberate disruption but of poor management and lack of delivery trucks. "I know this problem well," said Luzhkov, growing red in the face when asked about the *Pravda* story. "There isn't the slightest smell of sabotage. It's the usual disorganization."

Most Kremlin watchers in the U.S. believe that Gorbachev is still backed by the Soviet military and security establishments, whose officials realize that *perestroika* is vital to maintaining their own long-term primacy. But Gorbachev cannot expect to hold on indefinitely without delivering some tangible results from the policy on which he so boldly staked his political future. —By William R. Doerner.
Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow

TERRORISM

In Search of Answers

Will the bombers of Flight 103 ever be found?

The Rt. Rev. James Whyte, head of the Church of Scotland, spoke for a horrified world. At a memorial service in Lockerbie last week, he condemned last month's bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 as an act of "human wickedness" and "cold and calculated evil." With Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and some 100 relatives of U.S. victims among the mourners, Whyte said those responsible must be brought to justice, but cautioned, "The uncovering of the truth will not be easy, and evidence that would stand up in a court of law may be hard to obtain."

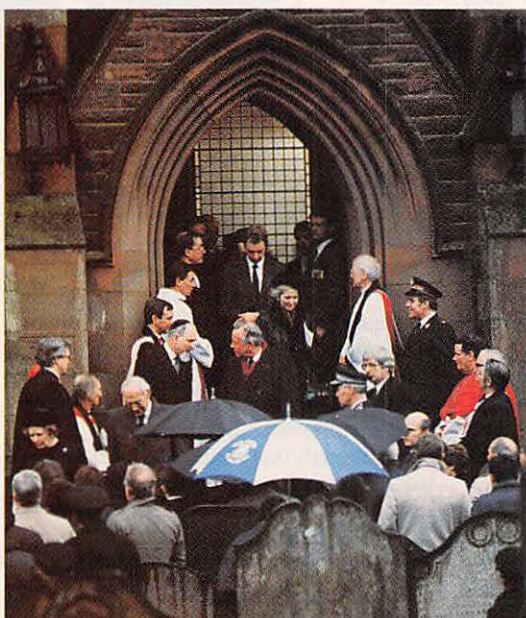
Whyte alluded to what some investi-

gators have said: exactly how and where the bomb was placed and whether it was constructed from Semtex, a Czechoslovakian-made plastic explosive.

Investigators on both sides of the Atlantic have started interviewing relatives and friends of Flight 103's passengers to determine if any of the victims had suspicious associations or could have unwittingly carried the bomb onto the plane. Officials last week discounted a theory that Arab terrorists surreptitiously planted explosives in the luggage of Khalid Ja-faar, a Lebanese-born student who had been visiting his grandfather in Beirut; Ja-faar's suitcase was recovered intact.

West German officials also ruled out the possibility that the bomb had been slipped into one of four uninspected U.S. military mail pouches loaded onto Flight 103 at its point of origin at the Frankfurt airport. It turned out that the mail was intended for American military personnel stationed in Britain and was unloaded at Heathrow Airport before the Pan Am plane's ill-fated takeoff for New York. But according to some West German reports, British investigators now suspect the bomb was planted by a worker at London's Heathrow Airport. British officials called the claim "pure speculation."

In a dubious journalistic test of airport security last week, a correspondent and producer for France's TF-1 television network



Mourners in Lockerbie are told to shun revenge

gators concede is a distressing possibility: the Pan Am bombers may never be identified, much less punished. Despite suspicions that focus on Palestinian terrorist leaders Ahmed Jibril and Abu Nidal, no clues have turned up so far that prove either of them orchestrated the atrocity. As an American intelligence official put it, "There's nothing out there."

In leading the probe, Scotland Yard is getting unprecedented cooperation from security agencies in Europe and the Middle East as well as in the U.S. The FBI is providing substantial assistance, and the National Security Agency is scanning its records for evidence that might be contained in the electronically intercepted telephone and radio conversations of known terrorists.

With an estimated 90% of the Boeing 747's fragments now recovered, experts have begun reassembling the aircraft piece by piece in a warehouse south of Lockerbie. They are attempting to learn

tried to place suspicious packages on three flights leaving John F. Kennedy International Airport. When an alert TWA employee spotted one of the packages, he found a note inside saying, "Congratulations! You have found our phony bomb." The two men were arrested by the FBI and charged with conspiracy to violate air-safety laws.

Investigators privately admit that in the end they may have to depend on getting a tip from an informer to learn the identities of the terrorists. Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat agreed to assist the investigation last week, but the initial results of his offer only served to show how frustrating the probe could become. Even though Arafat maintains an extensive network of security men who keep an eye on Palestinian extremists, an Arafat spokesman said that "so far, the P.L.O. does not have any clues."

—By Scott MacLeod.
Reported by Christopher Ogden/London

CHINA

The Fallout from Nanjing

An ugly brawl leads to a fissure in Sino-African relations

Officials called it an "isolated incident" when a brawl between African scholars and university security guards in Nanjing two weeks ago sparked street protests by Chinese students. But charges that the foreign students were beaten and tortured surfaced in Nanjing last week, and that ugly episode was followed by further anti-African demonstrations. The outburst of racism has stirred international concern and exposed a fissure in the special relationship that China once enjoyed with African nations.

After the initial Nanjing fracas, some 140 African and other foreign students were held under protective guard at a guesthouse for ten days. On Dec. 31, provincial authorities sent paramilitary police into the guesthouse to arrest "ringleaders" among the Africans. Armed policemen allegedly herded coatless students outside in zero-degree weather, then pummeled them and jabbed them with electric cattle prods.

Word of the Nanjing violence set off further outbreaks. In Hangzhou, African students boycotted classes. In Wuhan and Beijing, hundreds of Chinese students staged anti-African demonstrations. The



Beijing students protest an alleged rape by one of the foreigners

Gambia government registered a formal protest, and diplomats from Ghana and Benin voiced displeasure over Chinese treatment of their nationals. But overall reaction from the continent was restrained, reflecting the conflicting nuances of Africa's dealings with China: gratitude for decades of Chinese support; familiarity with Chinese racism, which has been intensified by economic frustrations; and worries about how to protect existing links with Beijing.

Although thousands of Africans have studied in China since 1950, the relationship has frequently been marred by the

hosts' cultural prejudice. The latest round of confrontation also has a more mundane source: envy. Most of the 1,400 African students currently in the country get free tuition and room and board plus a stipend from the Chinese government. They live better and eat better than their Chinese counterparts. Says a U.S. official who is a frequent visitor to China: "There is tremendous discontent [about foreign privilege] among students and intellectuals."

But among Africans, there is fear that Beijing's largesse to their continent will shrink. While commercial ties are strong, China has sharply reduced its economic assistance to African countries as it has concentrated on closing the gap with the industrialized West.

Some sinologists find it difficult to understand what China could gain by permitting open displays of xenophobia. But one Chinese foreign policy expert offered a pragmatic geopolitical explanation: "As of ten years ago, we changed our policy and normalized relations with the U.S.," he said. "Soon we will also normalize our relations with the U.S.S.R. So the relative importance of the African countries to China is diminishing." There is little in that view to reassure anyone worried about future anti-African resentment. —By Michael S. Serrill.

Reported by Sandra Burton/Beijing, with other bureaus

Grapevine



Promises by Bhutto

STAND AND DELIVER. Benazir Bhutto, Pakistan's new Prime Minister, has promised a war against the country's heroin production, which has quadrupled since 1985. The U.S. will test Bhutto's resolve next month, when it plans to begin spraying herbicide on Pakistan's illicit poppy crop under an agreement with local officials. Crop-dusting pilots are already practicing runs over the mountainous terrain of

the country's North-West Frontier province. U.S. officials hope that Bhutto will let them have enough time to finish the job. Last year a similar effort to wipe out poppy plants lasted all of one day before interests believed to have ties to the drug world pressured Islamabad into canceling the flights.

MAKING THE GRADE. The Middle East is the No. 1 breeding ground for international terrorism, right? Not necessarily. According to a sur-

vey published in Israel by Tel Aviv University's Jaffee Center for Strategic Studies, 23.9% of all terrorist acts involving more than one state in 1987 were committed in South America. A very close second: Western Europe, which played host to 23.6% of such incidents. The Middle East, with 18% of all international terrorist events, ranked a relatively distant third.

RUN, TONY, RUN. In a letter made public last week, ousted Panamanian President Eric Arturo Delvalle suggested to General Manuel Antonio Noriega that they end their feud and "open the way for national recovery." Some of Noriega's supporters have a better idea. Militants in the government-controlled Revolutionary Democratic Party are trying to persuade him to step down as Commander in Chief of the Panama Defense Forces so he can qualify legally as a candidate in the country's presidential elections in May. Success at the polls would serve the dual purpose of further embarrassing Washington and legitimizing Noriega's rule. But unless victory is guaranteed, Noriega is inclined to hold on to power in uniform. ■



Politicking by Noriega

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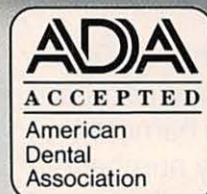
*The American Dental Association recognizes three clinical studies comparing formulations with sodium fluoride (SF) in silica abrasive and sodium monofluorophosphate (SMFP) in silica abrasive.

STUDY I: SF at 1100ppm showed greater cavity reduction compared to SMFP at 1100ppm.

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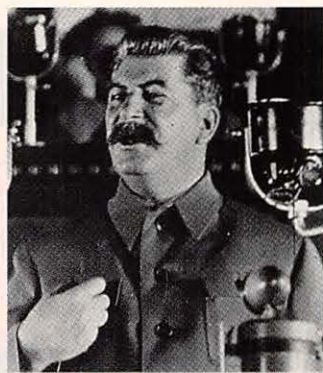
World Notes

SOVIET UNION

Pardons for Troika Cons

Glasnost has given Soviets an unprecedented look into their history. One result: rehabilitation for perhaps millions of people, including many of those villainized for blatantly political purposes during Joseph Stalin's long and dictatorial reign.

Last week the Kremlin recommended blanket amnesty for everyone convicted by the infamous star-chamber "troika" courts of the Stalin era, in which three party and state officials had absolute power over the accused. The courts were the dictator's primary instrument of mass terror during the 1930s and functioned until his death in 1953. According to Western historians, the amnesty may apply to



Stalin's villains no longer

as many as 20 million people, a large number of them posthumously. Another post-Stalinist landmark: the weekly magazine *Literaturnaya Gazeta* published a detailed account of the role played by the dictator's secret police in the 1940 assassination of his exiled rival Leon Trotsky, finally acknowledging that the killer was acting on Stalin's orders. ■

LANGUAGE

Latine Loqui Libet

Once the lingua franca of the civilized world, Latin today is little more than the fusty muttering of academics, historians and (some) priests. But in Rome a team of linguists led by top Latin scholar Abbot Carlo Egger is working to rectify that unspeakable state of linguistic affairs.

This spring the Vatican is publishing the A-to-L volume of a lexicon turning into Latin some 15,000 phrases that did not exist in the time of Cicero

and Caesar. Among the neologisms from the complete opus: *ampla rerum venalium domus* (supermarket), *ignitabulum nicotianum* (cigarette lighter), *nuntius fulminans* (news flash) and *mulierum liberatio* (women's lib). Beams Abbot Egger, who is also the editor of a Latin newspaper: "This is proof; Latin can be used even today for everything."

Well, maybe. But how many guys are going to ask their girls to join them in a *salutatio carolotoniensis* (Charleston) on the *extrema hebdomada feriata* (weekend)? The answer, needless to say, is *manifestum*. ■



In mari Pacifico duo viri supra tabulas veliferas

ISRAEL

Bitter Pill For Peres

When Israeli Labor Party leader Shimon Peres traded the foreign affairs portfolio for the Finance Ministry, he also traded headaches: curing the country's ailing economy won't be much easier than making peace. Israel's highly socialized economy suffers from double-digit inflation, lagging exports, shrunken tourism and the high cost of dealing with the Palestinian uprising. Last week Peres set off a storm of protest when he unveiled an austerity plan that affronted many, including members of his own party.

The plan calls for deep budget cuts, lower wages and sharply higher prices for food, education and health care. At the same time the shekel has been devalued by 13%. The measures, approved by the Cabinet last week, drew acrimonious opposition from the Histadrut labor federation and Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin. So vociferous was the army in protesting a proposed \$193 million cut in the military budget that Peres ultimately agreed to trim only about \$66 million.

But the new Finance Minister is determined to make austerity stick. Said Peres: "I came to the Treasury to carry out a task, not to look for approval." ■

INDIA

Blood and Ashes

Nearly three years after they were sentenced to death for the 1984 assassination of Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, gunman Satwant Singh, 25, and conspirator Kehar Singh, 53, were hanged last week in a New Delhi jail. Satwant Singh was one of the two Sikh bodyguards who shot Mrs. Gandhi; the other was killed in the shootout that followed. Five months earlier the Prime Minister had ordered the Indian army to rout Sikh terrorists holed up in the Golden Temple at Amritsar, Sikhdom's holiest shrine. Said an unrepentant Satwant: "I wish that I am born again and again and each time lay down my life for it."

To head off retaliation by Sikh extremists, the government stepped up security in the capital and three northern states, including the Sikh stronghold of Punjab. The cremated ashes of the executed were temporarily locked away. To little avail. In the Punjab village of Badowal, militant bands of Sikhs raided the homes of Hindu workers, apparently selected at random, killing at least ten by gunfire. ■



Amin plotting a trip?

EXILE

The Accidental Tourist

After Tanzanian troops and Ugandan rebels ended the bloody regime of Idi Amin Dada in Uganda ten years ago, the deposed dictator retreated into quiet exile in Saudi Arabia. But last week he stepped off an Air Zaïre jet in Kinshasa and tried to enter the country under a false passport. Zaïre officials are expected to put their unwelcome visitor on the next plane back to Saudi Arabia. But it remains a mystery whether Amin, who was traveling with his son, was merely trying to visit Zaïre or making his way back to Uganda. ■

Battle for the Future

Unless the U.S. can match Japan's all-out research effort, the race to dominate 21st century technology may be over before it has begun

If a modern-day Rip Van Winkle were to fall into a deep sleep for the next ten or 20 years, he might wake up to the whoosh of trains being propelled through the air by superconducting magnets. He might observe crowds of commuters toting supercomputers the size of magazines. In average homes, he might see 7-ft. TV images as crisp as 35-mm slides and enticing new food products concocted in the lab. But if he could read the labels on those futuristic creations, he might also discover the outcome of America's struggle to remain the leading technological superpower. Sad to say, a majority of those products might well bear the words **MADE IN JAPAN**.

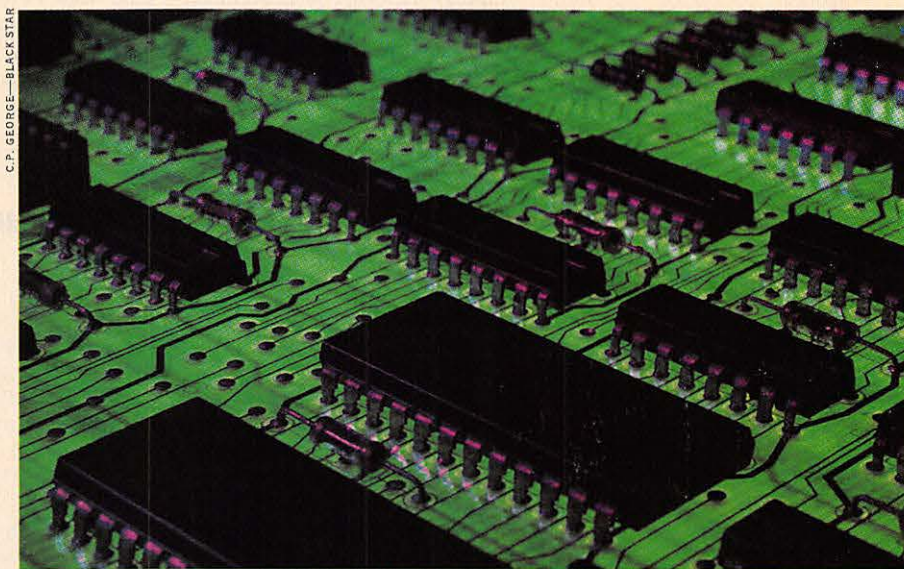
That is the worrisome analysis of U.S. experts in Government, industry and academia. Virtually every week seems to bring fresh evidence that Japan is catching up with the U.S.—and often surpassing it—in creating the cutting-edge products that long were the turf of U.S. firms. Last week the American Electronics Association reported that from 1984 through 1987 electronics production rose 75% in Japan, vs. a paltry 8% in the U.S. Most ominously for the U.S., Japan made its gains in increasingly sophisticated components, such as the disk drives and optical-storage devices used for today's higher-powered computers. Says L. William Krause, chairman of AEA: "The Japanese are eating their way up the electronics food chain."

Now come indications that Japan is ahead in developing many of the building blocks of 21st century technology. Last week a presidential panel reported that U.S. efforts to exploit recent breakthroughs in superconductivity were seriously fragmented alongside Japan's. The Japanese have not only filed more than 2,000 patents worldwide, but have already started to develop motors and generators using the superconductors. U.S. projects are still in the planning stage and, in the words of the report, "unlikely to survive what we believe will be a long-distance race."

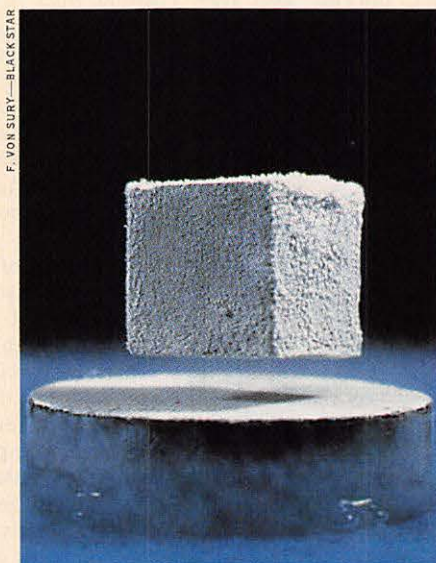
U.S. researchers harbor similar fears about falling behind in a broad range of disciplines, from optical electronics to supercomputers. While the U.S. is still plow-



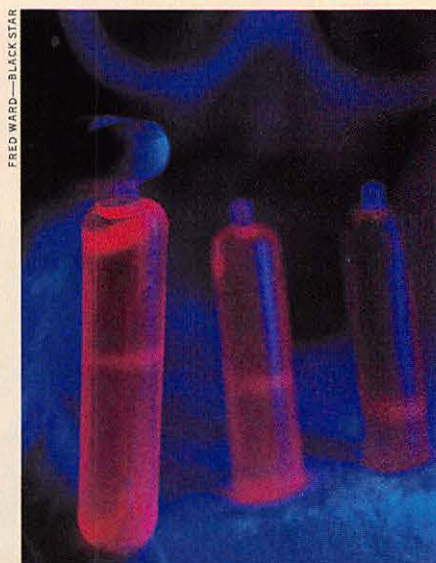
FADING GLORY?



MICROELECTRONICS



SUPERCONDUCTIVITY



BIOTECHNOLOGY

ing ahead in pure science, American industry has fallen behind in the race to turn those advances into products that are reliable, reasonably priced and directed toward the needs of consumers. "America is probably the world's greatest innovator nation," says Robert White, president of the National Academy of Engineering, "but we don't have the ability to capture the benefits of those scientific discoveries." The risk is that the U.S. will lose its competitive advantage even before the marketing contest has begun.

For the U.S., the good news is that the Government is waking up to the threat



VIDEO IMAGING

MICROELECTRONICS Tomorrow's superchips may process signals in nearly a trillionth of a second, far faster than the chips in today's most powerful supercomputers.

VIDEO IMAGING Television screens with some 1,100 scan lines instead of the 525 in today's sets will give Kermit the Frog a sharper image and could find uses in fields ranging from medical diagnosis to military surveillance.

SUPERCONDUCTIVITY Materials that lose their electrical resistance at about -235°F could become the key components of superefficient power plants and underwater propulsion systems.

BIOTECHNOLOGY Genetic engineering is already producing new drugs and foodstuffs, including corn that produces its own pesticides.

from Japan and beginning to respond in a very Japanese way: by encouraging rival firms to cooperate rather than compete on the most difficult research tasks. The U.S. is making concerted efforts in several strategically important fields:

► **Superconductors.** These extraordinary materials, which carry electrical current without resistance, may be used to build battery-like devices that store power indefinitely or supercomputers many times smaller than today's. In 1986 American researchers discovered a new class of ceramics that become superconductors without having to be cooled to nearly absolute zero (-460°F). Nine months later, President Reagan announced an eleven-point Superconductivity Initiative that included plans for relaxing antitrust laws to allow joint-production ventures. Last week's report, citing Japan's rapid advances, called for creation of four to six research consortiums that would pool the talents of leading scientists from industry, academia and the national laboratories.

► **Advanced semiconductors.** Scientists on both sides of the Pacific are moving beyond silicon as a base material and creating superfast computer chips of such exotic materials as gallium arsenide and indium phosphide. The Japanese have already taken a decisive lead in a new manufacturing technology that could pack a thousand times more data into a single chip by using X rays rather than light to etch the tiny circuits. The U.S. semiconductor industry has responded by forming a research consortium called Sematech to develop advanced chipmaking tools. Last year Austin-based Sematech got its first \$100 million transfusion from the Department of Defense, bringing its annual budget to \$250 million.

► **High-definition TV.** The Japanese have taken a daunting head start in the race to develop television of the future. In 1987 Japan launched a 20-year project to perfect and market HDTV worldwide. The new televisions would not only double the resolution of the images on home TV screens but could also have a ripple effect on the rest of the electronics industry by creating huge market opportunities in semiconductors, computers and VCRs. Support is building in Congress and the Commerce and Defense Departments for a national program to ensure that the market for this product does not become another virtual Japanese monopoly. The AEA's Krause has proposed a joint Government-industry venture to wire almost every U.S. home with cables capable of carrying HDTV signals, a project he estimates would cost about \$20 billion annually for a decade.

► **Biotechnology.** Prowess in creating new life-forms in the lab is one of the bright

spots on the U.S. technological horizon. Yet Japan has launched an initiative targeting biotechnology as one of the "next-generation industries" it wants to dominate. The centerpiece of the U.S. response is the Government's mammoth effort, known as the genome project, to map and analyze all the genetic material in the human cell. Last fall the National Institutes of Health announced that the \$3 billion, 15-year project would be led by biologist James Watson, the Nobel laureate who discovered the molecular structure of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) with Britain's Francis Crick in 1953.

Cooperative projects are not the only ingredient in Japan's stunning progress. Japan has other advantages that may be more difficult for the U.S. to imitate: first-rate technical-training programs, intense corporate loyalty among its work force, and a culture that confers high status on manufacturers and engineers. But a little Japanese-style teamwork, in which companies pool their resources on long-term research, could do wonders in the U.S. "The Japanese don't share all their secrets either," says John Young, CEO of Hewlett-Packard. "They get people to develop the basic technology, and then they go home and build like crazy."

The first high-tech consortiums in the U.S. have had rocky beginnings. The Austin-based Microelectronics and Computer Technology Corp., which a group of electronics companies formed in 1982 for research in advanced computer technology, was shaky at first because member firms were reluctant to share their best researchers and ideas with rivals. But retired Admiral Bobby Inman, former deputy director of the CIA who headed MCC until 1986, melted their resistance. Now under the stewardship of former Texas Instruments executive Grant Dove, MCC has brought to market its first products, including a new method for connecting chips to circuit boards and software that uses artificial intelligence to speed the development of complex microcircuits.

Such cooperative efforts tend to go against the grain in the U.S., where entrepreneurs often view their colleagues as blood rivals. "America has been wickedly competitive within itself," observes Robert Noyce, a co-inventor of the integrated circuit and near legendary figure from Silicon Valley who now heads Sematech. The danger is that by focusing too much on short-term competitive standings, U.S. industry will spend too little time preparing for the future. The most complex technologies require long-term planning and investments, and the payoffs, while potentially enormous, may be long delayed. But U.S. business leaders are showing signs that they realize, as the Japanese surely do, that the technological leader of 2009 is being determined today.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.
Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Richard Woodbury/Houston

Why the Beef over Hormones?

Europe says its meat ban is based on real medical concerns, but U.S. cattlemen call it groundless and protectionist

Is eating U.S. beef hazardous to one's health because of the hormones that most American ranchers give their cattle? The case for fear is flimsy, yet it has set off a rancorous and potentially costly trade battle between the U.S. and the European Community.

The fray officially began Jan. 1, when the E.C. banned imports of meat from animals treated with growth-inducing hormones. Since more than half the 35 million U.S. cattle sent to market each year receive at least a small amount of hormones, the ruling blocked European imports of \$140 million worth of American beef. The Reagan Administration immediately struck back, imposing 100% tariffs on \$100 million worth of West German hams, Italian tomatoes and other foods. Last week the E.C. said in effect that unless the dispute is resolved by the end of January, it will counter-retaliate with 100% tariffs on \$100 million worth of U.S. walnuts and dried fruits.

Europeans became fearful of hormone supplements in the early 1980s after the synthetic hormone diethylstilbestrol, or DES, was detected several times in baby food made with veal. (The growth-inducing compound, which has been linked to cancer and birth defects, was banned in the U.S. in 1979.) Amid the furor, four countries prohibited all hormone use in cattle. The E.C. adopted the restriction in 1985, and this month banned the importation of hormone-treated meat.

E.C. officials insist the ban is nothing more than a regulation designed to protect the public health. They see the law as nondiscriminatory, since all nations exporting meat to Europe must meet the same requirement. Such major beef exporters as Argentina, Australia, Brazil and New Zealand have agreed to ship only hormone-free meat to the Community, even though they may agree with the U.S. that the restriction is too broad.

Besides barring demonstrably dangerous drugs, the E.C. is preventing importation of many benign compounds that play a significant role in the U.S. cattle industry. For nearly 30 years, American feedlot operators have promoted weight gain in young steers and heifers by giving them implants

of natural and synthetic animal hormones, including testosterone and progesterone.

Manufactured by Eli Lilly, Syntex and other U.S. pharmaceutical firms and approved by the Food and Drug Administration for controlled use, the hormone pellets are implanted in the animal under the skin behind the ears. The small time-release capsules slowly dole out the hormones over several weeks during key growth stages. By eliminating as many as



BRAWNY: These Iowa calves have been given implants that can shorten their plumping-up time by as much as three weeks

21 days of feeding time before the animals reach the target weight of about 1,000 lbs., the hormone treatments (cost per implant: about \$1) save the cattlemen approximately \$20 per head, which can be the difference between profit and loss. Producers maintain that the hormones not only help keep U.S. beef prices down but also turn out the leaner meat preferred by consumers nowadays.

No scientific evidence has been found that such hormones, administered properly, cause adverse health effects in people who consume the meat. Yet E.C. officials have brushed aside U.S. contentions that the hormones are safe. "Where there is doubt, there must be a total ban to protect consumers," declared Bart Staes, a spokesman for a group of European environmental and political parties that oppose hormone use. The E.C. established a scientific panel to study the issue, but disbanded the group before it could report its findings.

Many American beef growers maintain that European meat is more dangerous than the U.S. product. While conced-

ing that some American feedlot operators have been cited for improperly administering approved hormones, the U.S. growers point out that the E.C. ban has fostered a thriving black market among European cattlemen in older, more dangerous compounds like DES. Some growers inject their herds with illicit drugs to cut costs. Last week a Belgian consumer magazine reported a survey of 500 butcher shops in which 25% of the hamburger samples tested contained DES and other illegal chemicals.

U.S. trade officials contend that the E.C. ban is motivated in large part by protectionism, since European beef producers are raising more cattle than they can sell locally or abroad. E.C. nations added 140,000 tons of excess beef to meat-locker stockpiles last year, bringing the total surplus to more than 723,000 tons, or nearly two months of European consumption.

The E.C. is likely to leave U.S. cattlemen with a surplus of liver, sweetbreads and other specialty meats that are popular in Europe. But the American beef industry can probably make up for the lost European business elsewhere, since U.S. producers export more than \$1 billion worth of beef every year to Asia, Mexico and Canada, or ten times the value of the meat shipped to the E.C.

What worries U.S. cattlemen more is the possibility that the hormone dispute will raise new questions about the healthfulness of American steaks and hamburgers at a time when beef producers are struggling for the hearts and grills of U.S. consumers. Because of studies linking health problems with a heavy diet of red meats, Americans have reduced their average consumption of beef since 1976 by 23%, from 94.4 lbs. to 72.5 lbs. a year. As a result, ranchers have already reduced their herds by about one-fourth.

As the trade battle escalates, it will hurt other agricultural producers, from dairy farmers in Denmark to nut growers in California's Central Valley. Trade officials on both continents are worried that the transatlantic range war has got out of hand, but so far no one is budging on the beef issue. The E.C. insists that no compromise is possible unless the U.S. accepts the hormone ban. And from the St. Paul stockyards to the vast feedlots of the Southwest, them's fightin' words.

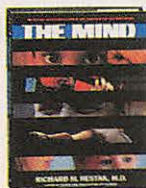
—By Janice Castro.

Reported by Cristina Garcia/Los Angeles and Adam Zagorin/Paris

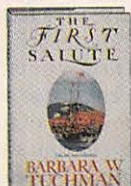
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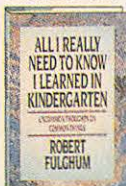
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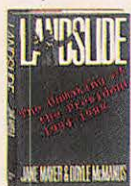
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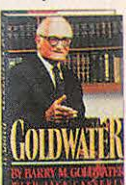
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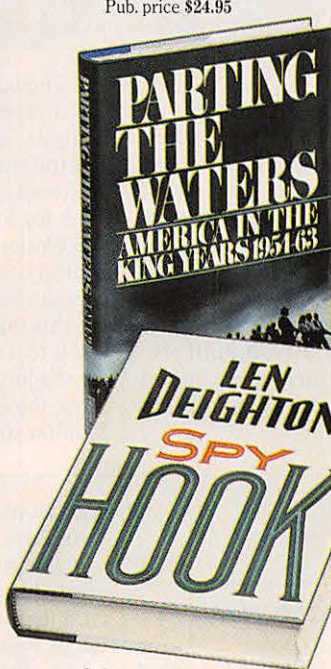
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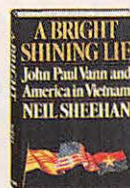
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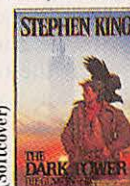
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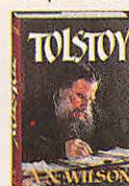
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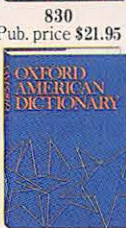
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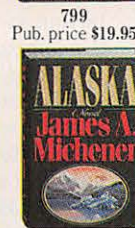
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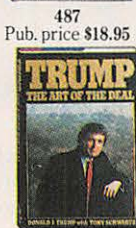
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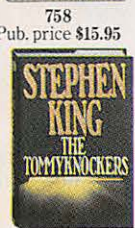
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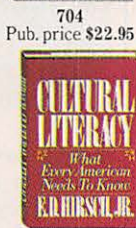
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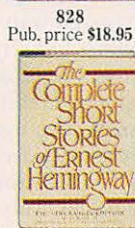
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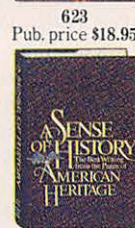
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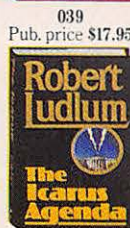
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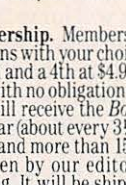
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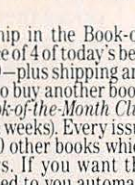
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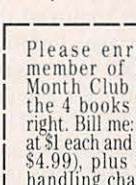
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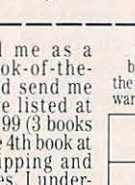
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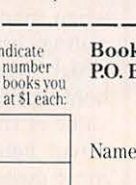
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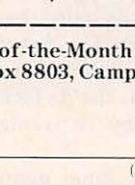
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On a Wing And a Dare

Braniff aims to triple in size

In the unfriendly skies of airline competition, Braniff has been buffeted severely but refuses to stay grounded for long. The Dallas-based carrier endured a bout with bankruptcy in 1981-82, and has changed hands three times since then. Last week Braniff chairman William McGee announced an ambitious plan to triple the size of the airline's fleet and join the ranks of major U.S. carriers.

While several troubled rivals are selling planes and cutting service, McGee said his company has ordered 50 midsize Airbus A320 jetliners and has taken options to

acquire 50 more (total cost: \$3.5 billion). Braniff chose the European-built planes partly because it wants its jets in a hurry. Half the planes were originally intended for cash-strapped Pan Am, which agreed to turn over its allotment to Braniff.

The Texas airline will deploy many of the jets at its two principal hub cities: Kansas City and Orlando. The carrier last year bought 16 Kansas City airport gates from ailing Eastern Airlines. Braniff also aims to move into other airports neglected by the major carriers, but is keeping mum about which ones.

Though Braniff lost \$11.4 million for the nine months ending Oct. 31, industry analysts think it can become profitable. But the true ambitions of its owners, an investment group that bought Braniff last June for \$105 million, remain a subject of speculation. The management, says Kevin Murphy, who follows the industry for the Morgan Stanley investment firm, wants "to get this thing to be a viable enterprise and sell it to a major airline. They are not in it for the long run." But at least for the short term, the Braniff logo is going to become a familiar sight on U.S. runways.



PHIL HUBER—BLACK STAR

Leave the Coverage to Us

As credit cards provide free insurance, car-rental rates rise

Travelers heading for the sun or the slopes this winter will probably notice a jump in the price of getting away from it all. The culprits this time are not the airlines but the leading U.S. car-rental agencies, which are imposing their first significant price increases in several years. Last week Hertz increased its rates as much as 5%, and Avis said it plans to do likewise within the year. Other rental agencies are expected to follow the industry leaders before long.

The car-rental companies are responding in part to a loss of revenue from one of their most expensive options: collision insurance. Until recently many car-rental customers paid as much as \$13 a day for so-called collision-damage waivers to protect themselves against liability for any repair costs in case their vehicles were damaged. But many major credit-card companies now offer such coverage to their cardholders at no cost whenever they charge a rental. As a result, more and more consumers decline the pricey waivers. In the most sweeping move so far, American Express began offering the collision coverage last week to its more than 11 million green-card holders. The American Express action, says Joseph Russo, a Hertz vice president, "begins the de facto elimination of the CDW by car-rental companies."

Rental-car firms have long maintained that CDWs are reasonably priced and that most of the revenues from them go toward repairing vehicles. But now at least some car-rental executives concede that the CDW has been a money-maker all along. The Hertz rate increase, says Rus-

so, is "primarily designed to take care of the revenue loss" that will follow American Express green-card coverage.

Consumer advocates have argued in recent years that CDWs are a lemon of a deal at the usual rate of \$10 or more a day. Robert Hunter, president of the National

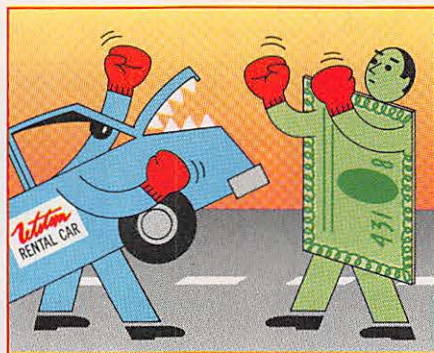


ILLUSTRATION BY CYNTHIA DAVIS

Insurance Consumer Organization, calculates that insurance companies can provide policyholders with comparable protection for about \$1 a day. The CDW controversy began to heat up in 1987, when many rental agencies removed the ceiling on customer damage liability, which was typically \$3,000, and began holding motorists responsible for the full value of the cars they were renting. That threat helped car-rental clerks persuade more customers to accept the CDW. Acknowledges Russell James, a vice president at Avis: "Many companies were abusing it. They were gouging the customer." Many consumers were already covered but did not realize it, since about 60% of all insured motorists carry rental insur-

ance as part of the coverage for their personal cars.

The growing resentment against CDWs created a marketing opportunity for credit-card firms, which concluded that such coverage would be so inexpensive that they could offer it free. (The credit-card coverage is typically supplement insurance, which pays damages if other policies cannot be tapped.) American Express began providing the coverage in November 1987 to its gold- and platinum-card holders. Last year MasterCard and Visa did the same for their premium customers, but they have not yet done so for regular cardholders.

Several car-rental agencies point out that rising rates cannot be attributed entirely to the loss of CDW business. A wave of restructurings and buyouts in the industry has left rental-car firms in need of greater revenues to pay off a total of \$2 billion in debt. Avis, in particular, borrowed \$1.4 billion in 1987 for a leveraged buyout in which the employees took over the company.

Steep rate increases can be expected in states where legislatures ban CDWs. In Illinois, which last week became the first state to do so, car-rental agencies are now liable for all repairs if the damage is accidental. Hertz and Avis have already boosted their Illinois rates about 8%, and the Alamo rental-car agency says its prices there will jump 20%. A similar ban on CDWs will take effect in New York on April 1. As CDWs head for the junk heap, basic car-rental rates are likely to keep on climbing. But most consumers will probably be better off, since the coverage was a partly hidden, add-on expense. Says Barry Reid, president of the National Association of Consumer Agency Administrators: "At least everybody is going to know up front what the doggone car costs."

—By Barbara Rudolph.

Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/New York



Business Notes



On display in Detroit: the flashy Lexus is stuck in a legal traffic jam

NEW PRODUCTS

Oops, That Name's Taken

When Toyota unveiled its sleek new line of luxury cars last week at auto shows in Detroit and Los Angeles, nervous company officials stood by

with rolls of tape. Their task: to cover up the new product's name, Lexus, if a three-judge appellate panel in New York City barred Toyota from using it. Not until the judges permitted the name to be used, at least through Jan. 30, did the Toyota employees return to wholehearted sales pitches for

the stylish car, which will compete in the \$20,000-to-\$40,000 price range.

The ruling was the latest turn in a dispute between Toyota and Ohio-based Mead Data Central, which since 1973 has offered a computerized legal-information service called Lexis. In December a federal judge in Manhattan upheld Mead's complaint that Lexus infringed on the Lexis trademark, and ordered Toyota to drop the name or pay Mead unspecified damages.

Toyota said it will be forced to replace the Lexus name unless the dispute is favorably resolved within 60 days. The Lexus is scheduled to roll into showrooms in September, so any further delay could prevent the new line from being launched at the start of the 1990 model-year. ■

PACKAGING

Brouhaha in A Beer Can

Unlike Coca-Cola, which should have known better than to mess with its basic product, the Adolph Coors brewery fiddled only with its packaging. But even that has been enough to shake up some loyal drinkers of its flagship

brand, Coors Banquet Beer.

The brewery made the change partly in response to the success of the new Miller

Genuine Draft, which is touted as better tasting than conventional, heat-pasteurized beer. Since Coors has been selling draft since 1959, the brewery decided to scrap its pale yellow can

last summer in favor of an almond-colored one bearing the name Original Draft.

The new label prompted hundreds of complaints, some from drinkers who believed Coors had tampered with the recipe as well. Now the brewery has revived the old label for two of its strongholds: Southern California and west Texas. Said a spokesman: "They wanted it back." ■



MUSIC PUBLISHING

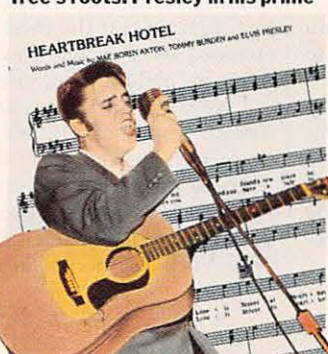
The Sound Of Money

Foreign investors, who have been snapping up U.S. assets ranging from skyscrapers to forests, are latching onto more ethereal pieces of Americana: popular songs. In two takeovers last week, the publishing rights to nearly 300,000 American tunes passed into foreign hands.

CBS Records, which last year became a subsidiary of Japan's Sony, agreed to pay more than \$35 million for Tree International, the last big independent country-

music publisher in Nashville. The Tree catalog contains some 35,000 songs, including such hits as Elvis Presley's *Heartbreak Hotel*, Roger Miller's *King of the Road* and

Tree's roots: Presley in his prime



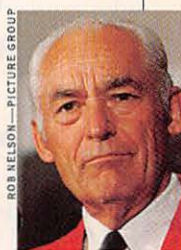
Willie Nelson's *Crazy*. Says CBS Records president Tommy Mottola: "We're going to build a music-publishing empire."

Only two days later, Britain's THORN EMI conglomerate said it will pay \$337 million to take over the music-publishing interests of SBK Entertainment World, based in Los Angeles. The U.S. company owns more than 250,000 songs, among them classic MGM motion-picture melodies like *Singin' in the Rain* and *Over the Rainbow*, as well as tunes written by James Taylor, Luther Vandross, the late Marvin Gaye and many other pop singers. ■

LITIGATION

He Can Afford To Be Tardy

Sam Walton is still the richest man in America, but his fortune may be dented a bit because he missed a court deadline. A state judge in Fort Worth slapped his Wal-Mart Stores chain with an \$11.6 million fine because Walton, 70, was 17 days late in delivering a deposition. The chairman's testimony was subpoenaed for a trial in which a customer demanded \$6 million after slipping in a Wal-Mart in Sulphur Springs,



Slow Sam

Texas. The tardiness penalty dwarfed the \$35,658.30 the jury awarded Andrew Carriales, a Houston mechanic, for his injuries. The company will appeal Walton's fine. ■

TAKEOVER DEFENSES

But What About Elsie?

Corporate raids have inspired such colorful defensive tactics as the Pac-Man counterattack and the poison pill. Now the managers at Borden, the food and consumer-products giant, have created a novel repellent they call a "people pill." Borden said last week that its top 25 officers have agreed to resign en masse during any takeover attempt if they believe stockholders are getting less than a fair price or if any executives are fired or demoted.

Borden has no bidders now, but last year's food-industry takeovers worried its managers. Chairman Romeo Ventres, who dreamed up the strategy in a sauna, said it might make raiders "think twice." But bidders might be less interested in Borden's bosses than in its brand names (Cracker Jack, Wise potato chips). And Elsie the cow, who appears on Borden's milk cartons, would certainly not stray. ■

● COVER STORY

FLASHY SYMBOL OF AN ACQUISITIVE AGE

Young, handsome and ridiculously rich, **DONALD TRUMP** loves making deals and money, loathes losing and has an ego as big as the Ritz—er, Plaza

BY OTTO FRIEDRICH / REPORTED BY JEANNE McDOWELL

"Who has done as much as I have? No one has done more in New York than me."

—Donald Trump

"I love to have enemies. I fight my enemies. I like beating my enemies to the ground."

—Donald Trump

"My style of dealmaking is quite simple and straightforward. I just keep pushing and pushing and pushing to get what I'm after."

—Donald Trump

"Those who dislike me don't know me, and have never met me. My guess is that they dislike me out of jealousy."

—Donald Trump

"I like thinking big. If you're going to be thinking anyway, you might as well think big."

—Donald Trump

"Nobody pushes me around, you understand? I don't want to do it [litigation], but nobody is going to push me around."

—Donald Trump

"A little more moderation would be good. Of course, my life hasn't exactly been one of moderation."

—Donald Trump

ZVOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!!! Donald Trump's helicopter has just taken a sickening dip to one side several hundred feet over the outflowing sludge of New York harbor. When the wind is 30 m.p.h., death suddenly seems like something on which one of Trump's Atlantic City casinos might offer unpleasant odds.

"Is this thing safe?" asks a reporter who has been assigned to find out what makes the billionaire wheeler-dealer the way he is.

"When the Queen of England is over in this country," says Trump, illustrating once again the way he is, "they call my office to find out if they can use the helicopter because it's the safest helicopter."

It is, in fact, a ten-seat French Puma, which Trump bought for \$2 million and which he claims is worth \$10 million. ("I love the bargain," he says. "I love quality, but I don't believe in paying top price for quality.") It has TRUMP painted in large white letters on its black fuselage, and the entrepreneur uses it to commute at least once a week between New York and Atlantic City.

"But don't you ever get scared?"

"No, I'm a fatalist. I don't think anything scares me. There's no great way to die. My general attitude is to attack life, and you can't attack if you're frightened. Besides, my pilots are the best, and I pay whatever it takes. When it comes to pilots, doctors, accountants, I don't chisel."

"Have you ever thought about psychotherapy?"

"No," says Trump, a little surprised. "I've never felt even close to needing it. I haven't ever felt that I was out of control. I keep busy. I don't have time to think about my problems."

And of course the helicopter duly rights itself and whirs on. It takes only about 40 minutes to reach Atlantic City and land atop Trump's Castle. Trump strides across red carpeting, shaking hands, smiling, very much at home in his castle, one of his many castles.

At 6 ft. 2 in., real estate tycoon Donald J. (for John) Trump does not really loom colossus-high above the horizon of New York and New Jersey. He has created no great work of art or ideas, and even as a maker or possessor of money he does not rank among the top ten, or even 50. Yet at 42 he has seized a large fistful of that contemporary coin known as celebrity. There has been artfully hyped talk about his having political ambitions, worrying about nuclear proliferation, even someday running for President. No matter how farfetched that may be, something about his combination of blue-eyed swagger and success has caught the public fancy and made him in many ways a symbol of an acquisitive and mercenary age.

Gossip columnist Liz Smith summed it up when she wrote, "Even if Trump is the truest, most flamboyant child of Mammon yet produced at this waning moment of the 20th century, I like his style." New York Times architecture critic Paul Goldberger took a graver view: "He has yet to commission a really serious work of architecture. If he has a style, it is flashiness. It's a malady of the age. Trump just represents it the most." Characteristically, Trump responded by sneering that Goldberger was unqualified to judge his buildings because he wore cheap suits.

Now that a new year has dawned, observers of the Trump empire can rather easily imagine some of the emperor's resolutions for 1989: to make more money than ever, to buy more expensive gewgaws than ever, to get more publicity than ever—and if Mikhail Gorbachev passed up a chance to visit Trump Tower during his visit to New York last month, well, there's always next time. Fail-



Photograph for TIME by Ted Thai

ure plays no large part in Trump's resolutions. On the contrary, he can tot up enough acquisitions for several lifetimes. Among them:

- All those Manhattan skyscrapers, notably Trump Tower, "the ultimate piece of property," a Fifth Avenue glitzy-shop-and-condo palace, with an 80-ft. waterfall splashing down the pink marble walls of the atrium, that cost \$200 million to build in 1982; Trump Plaza, a 37-story East 61 Street castle that has housed, among others, Dick Clark and Martina Navratilova; and Trump Parc, a 37-story caravansary that was once the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, overlooking Central Park.

- All those Atlantic City gambling casinos, notably Trump Plaza and Trump's Castle. It is not true that Trump owns India's Taj Mahal, but he does own Atlantic City's version, which will be three times the size of the puny original. Trump acquired this toy after much bargaining with TV entertainer Merv Griffin over the purchase of troubled Resorts International, which ended with Trump's getting the unfinished Taj Mahal and Griffin's getting everything else. This will make Trump the biggest dealer in Las Vegas East. (Estimated operating profits this year: \$100 million.)

- The newly acquired Eastern Air Shuttle (\$365 million), "the single greatest franchise in the world," soon to be renamed the Trump Shuttle, and probably expanded to carry gamblers from New York to Atlantic City so they can get their money to Trump's casinos all the faster.

- The world's spiffiest private yacht, the 282-ft. *Trump Princess*, "the finest piece of art on water," which once belonged to fallen fellow dealmaker Adnan Khashoggi. Cost: \$29 million. The yacht contains gold-plated bathroom fixtures, a rotating sun bed and the one thing every hot yachtsman needs: a waterfall. Khashoggi, who had named the ship after his daughter Nabila, shaved \$1 million off the asking price to guarantee that Trump would rename it something else; Trump, who has his own ideas about names, probably would have obliged him for nothing.

- His ghostwritten book, *Trump: The Art of the Deal*, which has been on the best-seller lists for almost a year (partly because of Trump's own purchases). Trump says he will donate his estimated \$1.5 million in royalties to United Cerebral Palsy, the American Cancer Society and AIDS research (his overall donations to charity run about \$4 million a year). The success of the book has inspired Random House to offer a reported \$3 million for a sequel.

- And a miscellany of bits and pieces like Manhattan's Plaza Hotel (\$400 million), "one of the great diamonds of the world." And the 76-acre plot along the Hudson that may or may not become Trump City. And Mar-a-Lago, the \$7 million, 118-room Palm Beach, Fla., hideaway originally built by Marjorie Merriweather Post, with its elaborate Moorish arches, its private golf course and its 400 ft. of beach. (Mrs. Post originally bequeathed the place to the U.S. Government for visiting chiefs of state, but it was re-

jected as too expensive.) And the 47-room weekend cottage in Greenwich, Conn., that Trump bought for \$2 million. And the Boeing 727 jetliner and six helicopters. And much, much more. And whenever Trump wants to see his name in print, there is always some new prizefight to sponsor, or next spring's bicycle race that will roam from Trump Tower in Manhattan to Trump Plaza in Atlantic City and will be called—what else?—the Tour de Trump.

And what does all that add up to, in coin of the realm? Published estimates range from less than \$1 billion to more than \$3 billion. When the question is asked directly of Trump, there is a long pause. Then he grins and says, "Who the f— knows? I mean, really, who knows how much the Japs will pay for Manhattan property these days?"

But what is mere money when one has become a figure of legend, a figure immortalized, if that is the word, in Judith Krantz's *I'll Take Manhattan*? "Donald Trump, the brilliant, ambitious young real estate man whom even his enemies had to admit was disarmingly unaffected," Krantz wrote with her endearing uncertainty about personal pronouns, "rose to meet Maxi."

"Hey you, pretty girl," he said with his disarming unaffectedness, "what's the problem?"

Trump played a cameo appearance as himself in the TV version of Krantz's epic in 1987, and now he is heading for greater things, playing a tycoon named "Mr. Spectacular" in a film by John and Bo Derek, *Ghosts Can't Do It*. Partly filmed in the Trump Tower, of course, it is due out in October. And Ted Turner is producing a \$3 million *Donald Trump Story*, to be broadcast later this year. "It's part of the game I have to play," Trump likes to say. "It's all a game, really."

The rules of the game were learned long ago in Queens, N.Y., where Trump's grandfather, a hard-drinking Swedish immigrant, left his son Fred an orphan at eleven. Fred

soon began building middle-class houses, and eventually he put up some 24,000 apartments in Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island, including a 23-room spread where he and Mary Trump raised their five children. Young Donald was no more than five when Fred began taking him to inspect building sites, and at 13 he was driving a bulldozer. "I learned a lot from him," says Trump. "I learned about toughness in a very tough business." He also learned, as an adolescent rent collector, that he didn't much like that kind of work. "It's much easier," he says now, "to sell an apartment to Johnny Carson or Steven Spielberg for \$4 million than it is to collect a couple of dollars of rent in Brooklyn."

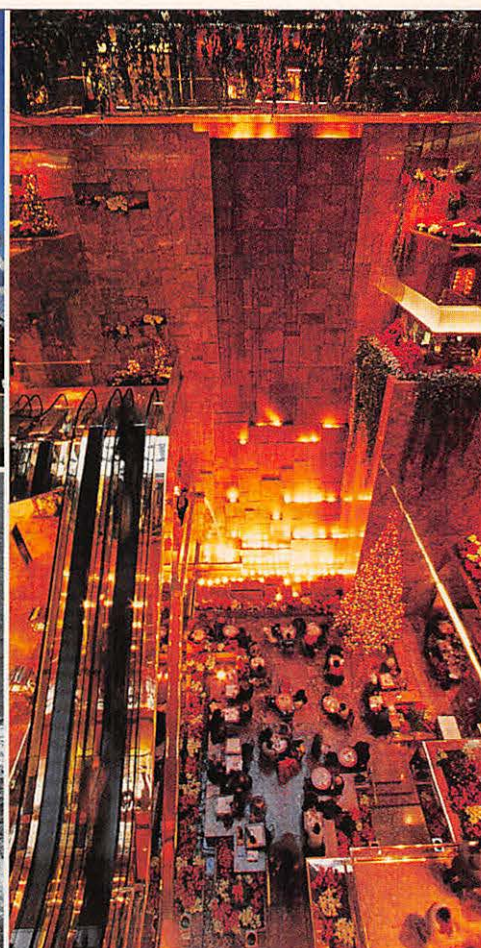
His older brother, Fred Trump Jr., rebelled against carrying on the family business. He became an airline pilot, took to drink and died of alcoholism in 1981 at the age of 43. "He was a really wonderful guy who didn't particularly like this business," says Trump. "It was a sad thing. It is something I have never been able to figure out. It was one of the most difficult things I've had to deal with."

Young Donald was, in his own words, so "rambunctious" and "aggressive" that his father sent him to the New



Trump and Ivana on the town

"I love quality," says Donald Trump, "but I don't believe in paying top price for quality."



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: RAY FAIRALL—PHOTOREPORTERS; TED THAI; DEREK HUDSON—SIGMA; JOHN CHASSON—GAMMA/LIAISON

The high life, clockwise: Trump's Florida mansion, Mar-a-Lago; Trump Tower atrium; Trump Princess; announcing of Trump Shuttle

York Military Academy, where he became captain of cadets in his senior year. After two years at Fordham, he got his degree from the Wharton School, then returned to the New York real estate wars.

His first major coup came in 1976, when he persuaded the bankrupt Penn Central Railroad to sell him for \$10 million the dilapidated Commodore Hotel adjoining Grand Central Station. It was typical of the kind of deal that Trump now calls "my favorite art form." An unknown and unwealthy hustler of 30, he had to persuade some bankers to lend him \$80 million (he did) and some politicians to give him a \$120 million tax abatement (he did). It did not hurt that Fred Trump was a regular contributor to the Brooklyn Democratic machine, or that Governor Hugh Carey and Mayor Abe Beame both happened to be Brooklyn Democrats, or that Trump put Carey's chief fund raiser on his payroll. Young Trump also had to find an architect to build a reflecting glass sheath over the decaying hotel (and he did: Der Scutt of Gruzen & Partners) and to find somebody who knew how to run a hotel (and he did: Hyatt).

It all took four years, but the glittering Grand Hyatt Hotel that opened in 1980 established Trump as a man who could get things done. It also brings in, he says happily, an annual profit of \$30 million. Most of Trump's other projects are essentially more of the same—more bargaining, more building, more bucks.

Sometimes Trump shows an absolute genius for combining profits with publicity and doing good deeds in the process. Consider the Wollman ice-skating rink in Central Park, which city authorities had closed down in 1980 for a

\$9 million refurbishing. Somehow they managed to spend \$12 million on preliminary maneuvering without anything whatever to show for it. Looking down at the mess from his skyscraper windows, Trump was displeased. Offering to do the job himself on the original budget within three months, he completed it for \$750,000 less—and now operates the rink at an annual profit of \$500,000 (for charity). When authorities tried to honor him by planting a delicate Japanese pine in his name, though, Trump balked. "He went wild because he felt the tree was wrong, a hunchback," recalls Parks Commissioner Henry Stern. "He wanted it pulled out. He wanted something like a sequoia."

Though Trump likes to talk of his triumphs, there have inevitably been controversies and defeats. One of the most striking was the five-year battle over 100 Central Park South, a dignified prewar apartment building that Trump decided in 1981 to demolish and replace. To do that, he had to get rid of tenants who clung to 50 rent-controlled apartments that cost them as little as \$300 a month. Trump brought in a new management company renowned for its ferocity. Out went the lobby furniture, unrepainted went the broken elevator, unpainted and uncleaned the halls and stairways. Eviction notices proliferated. The tenants hired legal help, charging harassment. Trump retaliated by offering to house some of the city's homeless in a few of the luxury building's vacant apartments.

When it was all over, Trump had to give in, leave the tenants in peace and even pay some of their legal costs, but he characteristically describes this as "one of the greatest blessings in disguise." His reasoning: had he been able to expel the tenants, he would have sold their apartments for

a fraction of what soaring prices make them worth now.

Similar conflicts have plagued the many middle-income apartments the Trump family operates with minimum publicity in Brooklyn and Queens. In 1973, when the Federal Government charged racial discrimination, Trump hired the notorious Roy Cohn to defend him, then eventually signed a consent decree. No less vexing was the 1983 controversy at the 1,400-apartment Shore Haven Apartments in Brooklyn, where the Trump organization started charging new tenants \$40 to \$60 a month for garage fees regardless of whether they had cars. One tenant, Viola Salomone, actually acquired a car and parked it in the unlocked and unattended garage, then found it vandalized. She refused to pay any more. The Trumps cracked down. Said Salomone: "I'll die first before I give you another penny for garage space." Said a civil court judge of the Trumps' operation: "Unconscionable."

Out in the happier world of glitz and gossip columns, Trump attracted a lot of attention when he bought the New Jersey Generals football team in 1983 for a reported \$8 million (Trump says he paid only \$4 million) and tried to spur the fledgling U.S. Football League into full competition with the powerful National Football League. Trump not only invested heavily in college stars like Herschel Walker and Doug Flutie (who cost him \$5 million or more) but also persuaded the league to sue the N.F.L. for anti-trust violations. One league member recalls Trump saying that "everything he had been involved with had been successful, and he would be damned if the U.S.F.L. was going to be his first failure." Trump's league sued the N.F.L. for \$1.7 billion, won the verdict but received only a symbolic \$3 in damages. Trump called that a moral victory even as the "victorious" league disintegrated.

Litigation is an important part of the Trump style. He has ten different legal firms tending his affairs. His attorneys include his brother-in-law, John Barry, whose wife, Trump's elder sister Maryanne, is a federal judge in Newark. (Trump's only surviving brother, Robert, works for him as an executive vice president. His other sister, Elizabeth, is an administrative assistant for Chase Manhattan Bank.)

Trump filed a libel suit in 1985 against the Chicago *Tribune's* architecture critic, Paul Gapp, for having written that his plan to build the world's highest building portended "an atrocious, ugly monstrosity, one of the silliest things anyone could inflict on New York or any other city." The judge ruled for the critic. Trump even sued Eddie and Julius Trump, two South Africans unrelated to him, who had run a small conglomerate for 20 years before

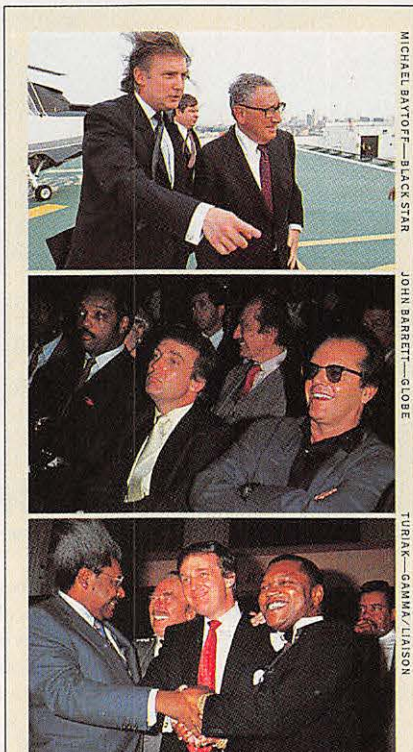
expanding into the U.S. in the 1970s. "They're trying to use my name," said Donald, who lost a preliminary suit. Another is pending.

Architect Richard Hayden of Swanke Hayden Connell, one of the designers of Trump Tower, calls Trump "a wonderful guy to work for," but he found himself sued for various Trump dissatisfactions and spent more than two years trying to collect his fees. "That's the way he finishes his jobs," says Hayden. Trump has even less decorous ways of being difficult. Architect Scutt recalls that when Trump Tower once fell 15 days behind schedule, Trump kicked a chair all the way across a conference room. "He ruined a new pair of Gucci loafers," says Scutt. "He always has to have his way."

Trump's latest and biggest and most complicated controversy centers on Manhattan's largest remaining piece of undeveloped land, the 76-acre principality bordering the Hudson River from 59 Street to 72 Street. Once a Penn Central railroad yard, it is now mostly weeds and debris. Trump, who bought it for \$90 million in 1984, touts it as a \$5 billion Trump City, "a concept that is going to be spectacular." It would feature a 150-story building, the world's tallest ("The city of New York should have the world's tallest building"), plus 7,600 luxury apartments in a dozen skyscrapers, a huge shopping mall, a 9,000-car underground-parking garage, a nine-acre riverfront park and various odds and ends.

Troubles have been unending. After much maneuvering to get NBC to move its headquarters into what Trump originally called Television City, the network decided to stay in Rockefeller Center. Mayor Ed Koch rejected Trump's demands for a 20-year tax abatement, mocking the builder as "piggy, piggy, piggy." Trump in turn called Koch "incompetent" and "a moron," and threatens to help anyone who can unseat him in next fall's election. Citizens' groups on the West Side mounted major opposition, charging that the project would cast a deep shadow over a large area.

A celebrated urban-affairs expert who requests anonymity says of the whole idea, "This will be one of the great disasters in New York history. It will be a disaster of historic proportion because it will shape the look of New York for generations. It's not just that it will blot out sunlight, it will blot out values." And, argues Marshal Berman, a political-science professor at the City University of New York, it will substitute the values of "*Dallas* and *Dynasty*, people wearing diamonds and furs and being driven around in limos. The vision is of New York as an international center for wealth, where anyone with capital feels at home, and anyone with-



With Henry Kissinger; Jesse Jackson and Jack Nicholson; Don King, his father Fred, Butch Lewis

"I don't think anything scares me . . . My general attitude is to attack life."



When Trump acquired baronial Mar-a-Lago in Palm Beach, Fla., baronial staff came as part of the purchase agreement

out capital has no place." So after years of wrangling, the \$5 billion project is still no more than the proverbial gleam in Trump's eye.

It has often been observed that men who make a great deal of money generally have very limited ideas about what to do with it. Trump's biggest personal expenditures have been on extravagantly luxurious residences. The builder of Trump Tower, whose first Manhattan apartment was a dingy single room overlooking a water tower, originally reserved for himself a \$10 million triplex penthouse, but when he first saw yachtsman Khashoggi's pad in the nearby Olympic Tower, which was approximately the size of a Persian Gulf sheikdom, he naturally wanted one just as big or bigger. So he went back to Trump Tower and awarded himself an adjoining triplex, and then started tearing out walls.

The resulting 50-room, \$10 million confection takes up all of the 68th and most of the 66th and 67th floors of the tower. The building actually has only 58 floors, but Trump felt that wasn't sufficiently impressive, so he skipped some floor numbers to give his tenants a psychic boost. "He would have loved to build another ten floors," says architect Scutt, "but he couldn't because of zoning rules, so he changed the numbers."

"If it turns out the way I think it will, there will be nothing like it," Trump said as he took a reporter on a tour of the possibilities about a year ago. The sun streamed in on a scene of chaos. The walls were bare plasterboard. Plaster dust powdered the new bronze window frames. Wires dangling from the ceiling barely hinted at the chandeliers that Trump envisioned. But Trump sounded rapturous about

the workmanship on a newly installed door. He gently shut it and opened it again. "Look how it fits," he said.

Trump was captivated by onyx and used it liberally. He had onyx baseboards installed along the walls. His own bathtub was of lilac onyx (with gold-plated faucets, of course). "Onyx is like a precious jewel," he said, "many grades above marble."

But much remained unfinished. Trump described the library as "very rich and traditional," but the shelves were still empty. "We have to buy a lot of books," he said. "I really respect books." And of the bare walls: "We have great art too."

Now, with the apartment only weeks away from completion—the main thing still missing is the park to be built on the roof—Trump is pleased with his creation. "You will not believe this," he says as he leads the same reporter through the door. And it is true: even Judith Krantz would find it a little hard to believe. Even Liberace. If anyone would like a living room 80 ft. long, Trump now has one. With bronze-edged floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking Central Park. And a 12-ft. waterfall set against a backdrop of translucent onyx.

"There has never been anything like this built in 400 years," says Trump (he is thinking of the Vatican, ignoring, say, the Palace of Versailles) as he points to the hand-carved marble columns and the walls lined in Italian gold onyx and the ceiling moldings of 23-karat gold. When his eyes rise to that ceiling, where various mythological heroes have been painted "in the Michelangelo style," Trump feels himself a Medici. "If this were on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel," he says, "it would be very much in place in

terms of quality. This is really what you call talent, more talent than the schmucks who go around throwing paint on the canvas."

Sharing in all this domestic magnificence is Trump's wife Ivana, 38, a svelte and highly polished blond who runs the Plaza Hotel for what Trump has described as "a salary of \$1 a year and all the dresses she wants." Ivana was raised in Czechoslovakia, the child of an electrical engineer, and she liked to engage in ski races. "Sports gave me the competitiveness and discipline that have been important for my success," she says. After graduating from Charles University in Prague, she moved to Canada and became a model.

"We met at the Montreal Summer Olympic Games in 1976," Trump recalls. "I'd dated a lot of different women by then, but I'd never gotten seriously involved with any of them. Ivana wasn't someone you dated casually. Ten months later, in April 1977, we were married." They were married, incidentally, by Norman Vincent Peale, the prophet of Positive Thinking, and then Trump put his bride right to work supervising the interior decor for all his projects. (There are also three children, Donald Jr., 11, Ivanka, 7, and Eric, 5.)

Some of Ivana's ideas of decoration were a little odd, like sending to London for fur hats to bring a touch of Buckingham Palace to the doormen at Trump Tower. But she worked hard, and the Donald, as she sometimes calls him, kept giving her new responsibilities. When she ran his Atlantic City casinos, she was the boss of 4,000 people. "I run my operations like a family business," she says. "I sign every check, every receipt. I'm not tough, but I'm strong. You can't be a pussycat." This was, in a way, a necessity. "If Donald was married to a lady who didn't work and make certain contributions," Ivana says, "he would be gone." And as an afterthought: "Show me success without ego."

For all the wealth, their life is an austere one in some ways. Ivana goes on skiing vacations once or twice a year, but although Trump joined her at Aspen over the Christmas holidays, he generally doesn't like vacations. "I like to do business," he says. "Work is the pleasure of my life."

He goes out to dinners and parties four or five nights a week, sometimes with Ivana and sometimes without, but these are mostly official or charity affairs. "Donald is au courant about everything," says real estate dealer Alice Mason, who often encounters him on such occasions. Others can be warm in their praises. "As a friend, he's a real softy and very sweet," says opera star Beverly Sills. But Trump admits that he doesn't much enjoy the party life. "I hate going out on Sundays," he says. "I don't like going out on Monday nights either. I'm not

sure I like going out any night." When Tony Schwartz, the ghostwriter of Trump's memoirs, quoted him as saying "I hate small talk," Trump changed it to read, "I absolutely hate small talk."

Asked what he would prefer as an evening's entertainment, Trump bluntly says, "Staying home." To curl up with a good book? Well, he did read Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*, which deals with a lot of rich New Yorkers who pursue such vanities as charity dinners at Trumpian apartments. Trump reports that he also recently read Gorbachev's *Perestroika*. "It was not the most exciting book I ever read, and I didn't particularly enjoy it, but I felt I had an obligation to read it," he recalls. He does not believe, though, that he needs many such exercises to get on in the world. "I can sit down with the most sophisticated people in the arts in New York and get along fabulously with them," he says. "If I

want to, I can convince them that I know as much about something as they do, and I don't." How does he do that? "It's a feeling, an aura that you create."

If this seems a little strange, it is all part of the Trump grand strategy, which he does not want examined too closely by himself or anyone else. "I have an absolute strategy, but it's an innate strategy and not definable," he says. "When you start studying yourself too deeply, you start seeing things that maybe you don't want to see. And if there's a rhyme and reason, people can figure you out, and once they can figure you out, you're in big trouble."

One man who knows Trump well does see a rhyme and reason. Trump is a brilliant dealmaker with almost

no sense of his own emotions or his own identity, this man says. He is a kind of black hole in space, which cannot be filled no matter what Trump does. Looking toward the future, this associate foresees Trump building bigger and bigger projects in his attempts to fill the hole but finally ending, like Howard Hughes, a multibillionaire living all alone in one room.

"Hey, life is life," says Donald Trump, whose coiffed blond hair is just beginning to gray at the temples. "We're here for a short time. When we're gone, most people don't care, and in some cases they're quite happy about it."

And now there is another meeting to go to in Atlantic City, and a limousine is waiting at the door to race to the gleaming black helicopter waiting at the pier, and another reporter wants a ride to take a look at the Trump empire, and that will create more publicity about the emperor's grand plans and grander dreams, and so once again it's up, up and away, out over the choppy waves of the vast harbor, and up into the windy sky that seems to promise so much. ■



Black Puma prepares for New York takeoff

**"Hey, life is life.
We're here for a short
time. When we're gone,
most people don't
care . . . about it."**

Wormholes in the Heavens

A far-out concept leads to talk of time travel and new universes

BY MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

Since well before Albert Einstein, physicists have been conjuring up concepts that defy common sense. Consider just a few of the far-out notions now accepted by the scientific community: clocks that tick slower when they ride on rockets, black holes with the mass of a million stars compressed into a volume smaller than that of an atom, and subatomic particles whose behavior depends on whether they are being watched.

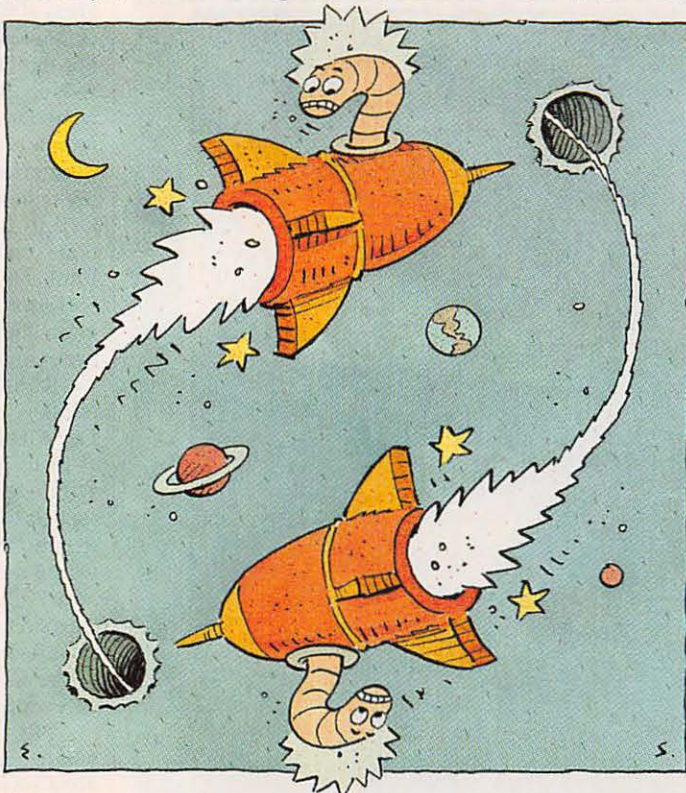
But of all the strange ideas in physics, perhaps the strangest is the wormhole. It comes perilously close to science fiction: a wormhole is a hole in the fabric of space and time, a tunnel to a distant part of the universe. While no one has proved that wormholes exist, that does not for a moment keep the more adventurous of thinkers from trying to figure how they might behave. Last fall, for example, three researchers from Caltech floated the notion that in theory at least, wormholes could be time machines.

This week, at the American Astronomical Society's winter meeting in Boston, physicist Alan Guth of M.I.T. will announce the most mind-numbing wormhole-related news yet. Guth and two collaborators have determined, he says, that "it would apparently be possible in principle for some advanced society literally to create an entirely new universe." The wormhole connection: such a universe would automatically create its own wormhole, squeeze through it, and then draw the hole closed after it.

To many people, such theories may seem useless, if not ridiculous. But to others, the ideas are brain teasers that both challenge and stretch the imagination. While thinking about wormholes has no immediate practical value, Guth insists that it helps scientists explore how flexible the laws of physics are. More important, the theories could shed light on some of the most fundamental questions of cosmology: how the universe began, how it works and how it might end.

The idea of wormholes comes directly from the accepted concepts of general relativity. In that theory, Einstein argued

that very massive or dense objects distort space and time around them. One possible distortion is in the form of a tube that can lead anywhere in the universe—even to a spot billions of light-years away. The name wormhole comes about by analogy: imagine a fly on an apple. The only way the fly can reach the apple's other side is the long way, over the fruit's surface. But a worm could bore a tunnel through the apple, shortening the trip considerably. A wormhole in space is the same sort of tun-



nel; it is a shortcut from one part of the universe to another that reduces the travel time to just about zero.

Virtually instantaneous travel leads to the idea of wormhole as time machine. If it were somehow possible to move one end of a wormhole at nearly the speed of light, general relativity dictates that time at that end would slow down, and that portion of the tunnel would then be younger than the other end. Anything moving from the faster-aging end of the wormhole to the slower would essentially go backward in time. The mode of travel, however, could be nothing like the mechanical time machine, complete with saddle, envisioned by H.G. Wells. It is hard to conceive how a human being could move through a wormhole, since it would theoretically be

narrower than an atom, and it would tend to vanish the instant it formed.

Just as theoretical are Guth's home-made universes. One way to create a cosmos, he says, might be to heat a region of space to about a thousand trillion trillion degrees. Or one might compress some matter to densities far greater than those of a neutron star—a star that has shrunk to a diameter of only a few miles. "Of course," admits Guth, "this is not only beyond the range of our technology, but beyond the range of any conceivable technology." It is possible only in principle, but that is what matters to explorers on the frontiers of physics.

Guth came to the idea of creating new universes from his influential work on "inflationary" cosmology, which was considered dubious when he proposed it in the early 1980s but is accepted in modified form by most physicists today. The notion is that in the first fraction of a second after the Big Bang, the universe, though expanding, was still far smaller than the smallest particle now known, and made of a peculiar stuff known as "false vacuum." Among other odd attributes, a false vacuum generates negative gravity; it inflates itself rapidly and enormously—ending up as big as a universe. Odder still, but likely nonetheless, is that everything in our cosmos could have come from a subatomic bubble of false vacuum with a mass of only 20 lbs. or so.

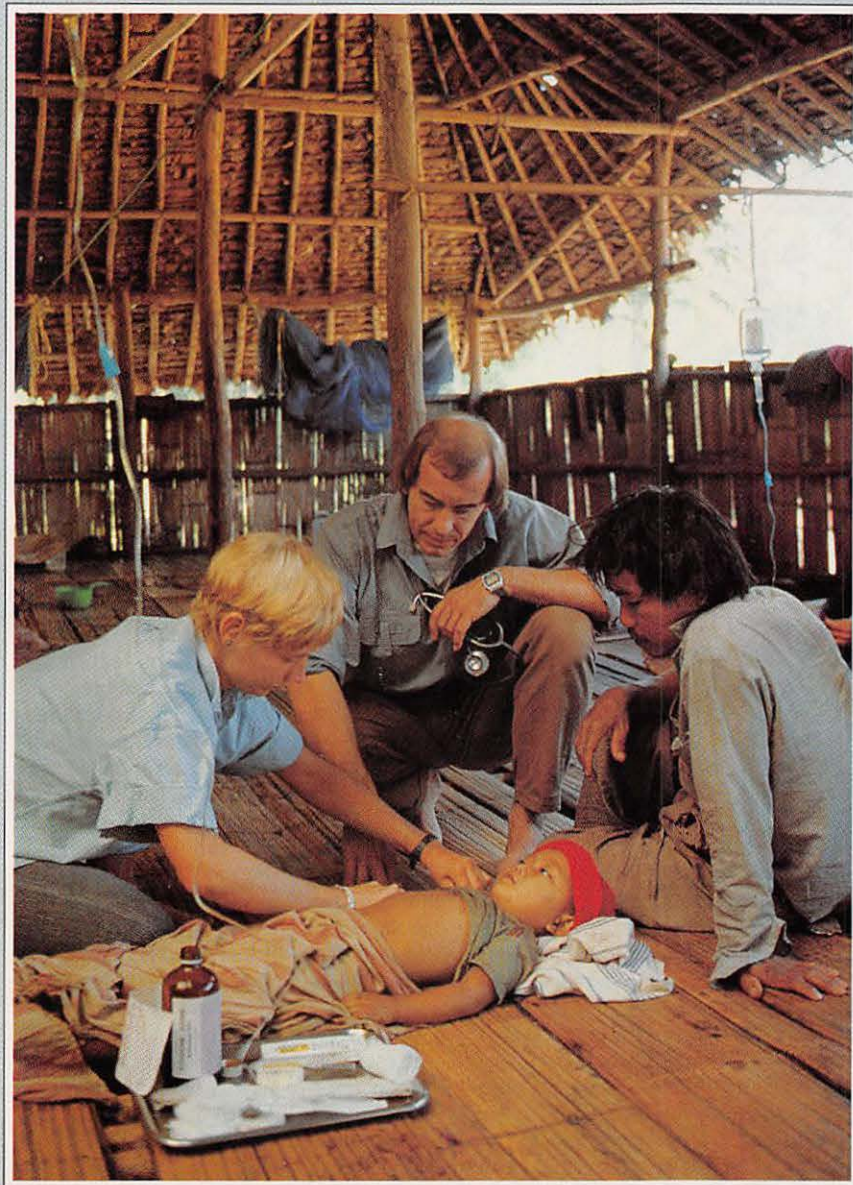
That concept led to the idea that such a bubble could somehow be manufactured. Classical physics says that unless this matter started out with infinite density, it would

collapse right away. But Guth and two other physicists, Edward Farhi and Jemal Guven, applied the more modern laws of quantum physics to the problem. Their conclusion: the bubble might not collapse after all. It could just possibly become a brand-new universe. Not that it would be much good, though. Says Guth: "Such a baby universe would form a wormhole and escape, creating its own space and time in the process." From our universe, the new one would be completely inaccessible, since the wormhole would pinch itself off right away.

Such fanciful thinking may skirt the bounds of credibility, but Guth is an intellectual test pilot. His mission is to push the machinery of physics to its logical extremes, in hopes that he can find out just when it will self-destruct. ■

Operating in Danger Zones

Volunteer doctors and nurses risk their lives to treat the suffering in the world's trouble spots



ROBIN MOYER

THAILAND Dr. Rudolf Lang from West Germany and Claire Marchand, a nurse from France, examine a Burmese child in a refugee camp in Thailand. The French organization Médecins sans Frontières provides medical assistance and preventive health care in ten such camps near the border with Burma for 19,000 members of the Karen tribe who have fled civil strife and banditry in the opium-rich area.

A small convoy of Toyota Land-cruisers escorted by armed rebels threads its way over a mountain pass in northern Ethiopia. In the vehicles are members of a European medical team on their way to staff a hospital in territory captured by guerrillas. Thousands of miles away another medical corps travels with a caravan of packhorses through rugged terrain into Afghanistan. There its members will treat victims of the war between the Afghan resistance and the Soviet-backed government. At a headquarters building in Paris, shortwave-radio antennas turn toward Africa. A faraway voice reports that a cholera epidemic has struck refugees fleeing Mozambique's civil war. Within 48 hours, prepackaged containers filled with medical supplies are on the way.

Around the world, in war zones and areas stricken by natural disasters, a special breed of doctors and nurses are infusing the Hippocratic oath with new force, risking their lives out of a commitment to what Dr. Bernard Kouchner, one of the founders of the movement, calls "the duty to interfere." Volunteer medics are treating tribespeople for malaria and tuberculosis in East Africa, performing amputations on victims of land mines in Sri Lanka, building clean-water systems in El Salvador and operating surgical clinics, often under gunfire, in the Palestinian refugee camps of Lebanon.

Some serve out of a sense of moral mission, much like that which inspired Dr. Albert Schweitzer to go to Africa in 1913 to open a hospital at the village of Lambaréné in what is now Gabon. Others seek adventure, challenge, an opportunity to hone their skills in a real-life laboratory where nearly every case is an emergency. Many discover that much of what they learned in medical school is irrelevant to the life-and-death crises and health needs of the world's poor, and go on to make a career of volunteer medicine.

"As a doctor, I feel one should go where one is needed," says Dr. Swee Ang, 40, a physician from Singapore who was working at the Sabra refugee camp for Palestinians in Beirut at the time of the 1982 massacre by Phalangist militiamen. After surviving the ordeal, she returned to Britain to marshal support for the Palestinians before resuming work at Bourj al-Barajneh, another refugee camp in Beirut. "I'd seen how the Palestinians had suffered," she says, "and to abandon them after that and not do something would have been a crime."

Dr. Christophe Paquet, 31, had just finished medical school in Paris in 1984 when he accepted his first assignment in Honduras. "It was a very strong experience," he says, "and I was hooked." After subsequent postings to Thailand, Sudan and India, he is now studying public health at the University of California, Berkeley, to further his international

work. "In France and elsewhere we are becoming more and more specialized," he says. "It's not the kind of medicine that is needed in the Third World."

The volunteer medical movement is dominated by three Paris-based organizations—Médecins sans Frontières, Médecins du Monde and Aide Médicale Internationale—whose aim is to bring medical assistance to troubled and neglected corners of the world, without regard to political orientation or government approval. The need these groups serve is illustrated by an M.S.F. poster showing a doctor examining a sick child. Beneath the photograph is the caption **IN THEIR WAITING ROOM: MORE THAN 2 BILLION PEOPLE.**

The three groups, including branches in Belgium, Holland, Spain and Switzerland, dispatch some 1,500 doctors, nurses and logistics staff a year to more than 40 countries. The most innovative and the largest of the three is M.S.F., with an annual budget of \$25 million, most of it coming from private contributions. Not only has the group pioneered the principle of practicing medicine without regard to territorial borders, it has also engineered practical breakthroughs in disaster preparedness. They include a series of 50 "kits" containing materials designed to handle most emergencies. A cholera kit, for example, provides virtually all the supplies needed to treat 500 victims of the disease.

While the French medics are renowned for their valor in areas of conflict, organizations in other countries are also contributing medical assistance to places in need. Among them:

- ▶ Britain's Medical Aid for Palestinians has sent more than 70 doctors and nurses and many tons of medical supplies during the past three years to Palestinian refugee camps in Beirut and southern Lebanon.

- ▶ West Germany's Cap Anamur Committee, named after a freighter the group chartered in 1979, has rescued nearly 10,000 Vietnamese boat people and sent some 900 doctors and nurses to Uganda, Ethiopia, Mozambique and elsewhere.

- ▶ The U.S.'s International Medical Corps has trained 120 Afghan medics and set up 50 clinics in the country, treating 50,000 patients a month. I.M.C. is currently recruiting for a project in Honduras.

- ▶ The African Medical and Research Foundation, founded in the U.S. in 1957, is noted for its Nairobi-based Flying Doctor Service—physicians who fly to remote parts of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda to provide surgical and general health care.

For more than a century, the International Red Cross has been synonymous with war and disaster relief. But it operates with government backing, relying on diplomatic negotiations to smooth out difficulties. By contrast, M.S.F. and similar organizations insist that when diplomacy fails, it is not only their right but their ob-



PAUL MASHO

AFGHANISTAN Since the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, more than 1,200 medics have ignored the lines of combat to bring health care to Afghans who are injured or displaced by the civil war, like this refugee. "Most volunteers would say they wanted to work more or less anywhere—except Afghanistan," says Dr. Robert Saleon-Terras of France, who served as a medical coordinator. "It had a reputation as a dirty, dangerous war."



STEVE JACKSON

KENYA Her Piper Cherokee parked at her side, Dr. Anne Spoerry, 70, the senior physician in AMREF's Flying Doctor Service, calls on Masai villagers, whom she treats for ailments ranging from malaria to snakebite. Her regular rounds include some of the most hazardous and remote regions on the African continent. "Although radio contact is maintained," she says, "one is never sure what the situation is until landing."



BOB NICKELBERG



CINDY KAAP

SRI LANKA In battle-scarred Point Pedro, where Tamil guerrillas have waged a five-year insurgency against the government, Dr. Alain Pedech and a nurse examine a youth for injuries. There is only one surgeon for the city's 200,000 people. Mines are a constant peril. "In 15 days," recalls one medic, "we had to perform 15 amputations."

EL SALVADOR Dr. Rosa Cepa Sánchez from Spain tends to a Salvadoran villager. Doctors and nurses in the country spend much of their time on preventive medicine. "We can cure people of salmonella or amoebas in days," says Dr. Christian Bouteille, "but they'll get sick again unless we tackle contaminated water."

ligation to bypass official channels. Says Dr. Michel Bonnot, 35, the founder of Aide Médicale Internationale: "Our principle is to place medicine above affairs of state. What happens when there is a civil war in the Third World? The first thing the government does is cut off medical support and demand that the doctors leave. Governments cannot be allowed to use medicine as a weapon."

The idea for a volunteer medical corps willing to go anywhere had its origins in the 1967-70 war in Biafra, when the state sought to break away from Nigeria. Bernard Kouchner, a young Marxist just out of medical school in Paris, signed on with the French Red Cross. In Biafra he was influenced by the Christian humanism of another French doctor, Max Récamier, who argued that the importance of saving an individual life transcended politics. Recalls Kouchner: "Récamier's philosophy was simply that a man who is dying is a man who is dying, and that is all there is to it."

As the horror of events in Biafra unfolded, Kouchner became convinced that Récamier was right. When Nigerian forces closed in on the hospital where Kouchner was working, the doctors asked to evacuate their patients. The Red Cross ordered them to stay on the grounds that they would be safer in a hospital under the Geneva Conventions. As the troops drew near, many patients bolted into the forest. "It was unbelievable," recalls Kouchner, who is now France's Secretary of State for Humanitarian Action. "Some of them

were carrying their own plasma bags. Others had been operated on, and their intestines were hanging out as they ran." Outraged, Kouchner and Récamier decided to organize their own pool of doctors who would put medical needs above bureaucratic procedures. Soon after, the two doctors helped form Médecins sans Frontières.

Today a growing corps of experienced medics look upon volunteer medicine as a career. Salaries are minimal: doctors in the field are paid between \$700 and \$800 a month, nurses somewhat less. But most of those who go abroad feel they are more than compensated by a sense of venture-some achievement. Stéphane Michon, a French nurse, contracted malaria during a tour in Thailand, but she readily said yes when M.S.F. asked her to go to Sudan to work with refugees.

More than adventure, Afghanistan offered sheer terror—"the most extreme of all situations I've ever known," says Maria Müller, a West German nurse and veteran of five missions to Viet Nam. Five medical facilities in rebel territory were destroyed by Soviet bombs, and medical care was administered under the most primitive conditions. Amputations, says Müller, were "unimaginable. We had only a small amount of a narcotic, Trapanal. The saw came from the nearest work shed, and the amputation knife was a dagger from one of the rebels."

The medics' heroics in Afghanistan have boosted their stature. Increasingly, international health organizations have sought them out for advice and assistance. The volunteers are well posi-

tioned, for example, to provide early-warning information on epidemics. M.S.F. is conducting AIDS research in Zaïre and Rwanda, two of the most afflicted areas in Africa, while its clinics in the war-stricken zones along Sudan's southern borders are documenting the spread of the disease northward.

The development of highly mobile medical teams has shortened the international response time when disaster strikes. Within 72 hours after a catastrophic earthquake hit Soviet Armenia early last month, the French government and volunteer organizations dispatched the first of nearly 700 trained personnel, including doctors, firemen and experts in excavation techniques, to assist the victims. The effort was eventually joined by scores of countries around the world.

As the volunteers themselves acknowledge, what drives them to undertake such missions of mercy—and others far more perilous—is not something easily explained or understood. "I know it is not possible to save everybody in the world," says Dr. Jean-Louis Mencièr, a French anesthesiologist working in Sri Lanka, "but to do something about it is better than doing nothing." As more and more people become committed to the idea that, as Bernard Kouchner puts it, "mankind's suffering belongs to all men," the day may not be far off when there will be a substantial pool of medical personnel at the ready, prepared to alleviate pain and promote better health, wherever the need exists. —By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by William Dowell/Paris, with other bureaus

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All the Pope's Men

The naming of conservative bishops fuels bitter feuds

There is neither appeal nor recourse against a decision or decree of the Roman Pontiff.

—Canon 333.3, Code of Canon Law

It is no secret that John Paul II is a man of strong—and staunchly conservative—convictions. Nor is it surprising that he has sought to fill the Roman Catholic hierarchy with clerics who insist on strict obedience to church teachings. In recent months, however, many of the faithful have been alarmed by the Pope's determination to override the sentiments of local clergy in order to get his way. Angry liberals in Vienna and Chur, Switzerland, have even resorted to blocking cathedral entrances to protest the consecration of new, arch-conservative bishops.

The most recent controversy came to a climax last week, when John Paul triumphed over strong local resistance and appointed Georg Eder, a conservative village priest, as Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria. It was the latest act in a long-running drama. Last month the Pope named an equally unpopular conservative as Archbishop of Cologne, West Germany, Europe's richest diocese. In January 1988 the Pontiff shocked the Irish clergy by picking a conservative metaphysician as Dublin's Archbishop. A few months before that, he had installed a longtime Vatican official as Primate of Brazil, where many bishops condone the leftist liberation theology that vexes the Vatican.

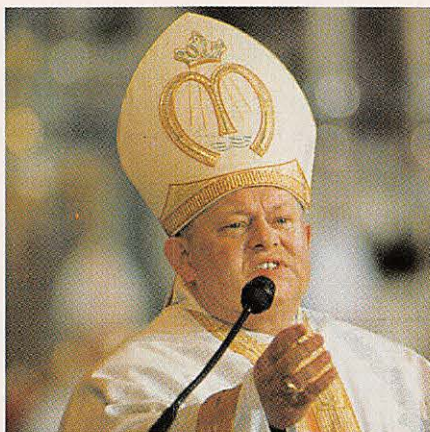
In the U.S. John Paul last year pursued this pattern with two important appointments. As Archbishop of Philadelphia, he chose Anthony Bevilacqua, 65, who had handled the ouster of a pro-choice nun in 1983. The see of Pittsburgh went to Donald Wuerl, 48, who had earlier been assigned to keep watch over Seattle's liberal Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen. Resentment over the Hunthausen affair is one cause of mistrust and disagreement between the Vatican and the U.S. hierarchy. In the hope of improving relations, several dozen U.S. bishops will travel to Rome in March for a highly unusual face-to-face meeting with the Pontiff.

Before the papacy gained control of the appointment process many centuries

ago, bishops were elected by the local clergy and laity. A vestige of the older practice remains in a number of European cities, where panels of leading clergymen, known as cathedral chapters, still have an important role in choosing bishops. The bitterest recent conflicts have in-



John Paul greeting Meisner: boosting a man he knows and trusts



Vienna's Kurt Krenn

"To conserve is also a positive thing."

involved disagreements between these bodies and the Vatican.

Such was the case in Salzburg. Though formally announced only last week, Eder's appointment had long been anticipated—and fervently opposed. Eder, who still celebrates Mass with his back to the congregation, blames sex education for promoting a "Communist takeover of our society" and deems AIDS a form of divine punishment. After giving grudging approval to his nomination, the Salzburg cathedral chapter publicly

proclaimed its "severe conflict of conscience" about the selection process and criticized the rightward imbalance of the Pope's list.

The Salzburg controversy was particularly disturbing to many Austrians because it marked the third time in as many years that the Pope had imposed a conservative bishop on an unwilling flock. To succeed the progressive intellectual Franz Cardinal König as Archbishop of Vienna in 1986, John Paul chose an obscure provincial monk, Hans Hermann Groër.

There was a louder uproar in 1987, when the Pope named theologian Kurt Krenn as one of Vienna's auxiliary bishops. One strike against Krenn, in opponents' eyes, is his link to Opus Dei, a controversial orthodox lay organization. "The polarization in the Austrian church has become frightening," laments Helmut Krätzl, another of Vienna's auxiliary bishops.

An equally bitter drama unfolded in Cologne last month, when the Pope broke a 15-month impasse by forcing through another controversial cleric. John Paul wanted to name Berlin's Joachim Cardinal Meisner, 55, whom he knows personally and trusts. But in proposing Meisner and two other conservatives to Cologne's cathedral chapter, the Pope bypassed the more moderate candidates suggested by local churchmen. In a rare act of defiance, the cathedral chapter refused to elect any of John Paul's men. The Vatican hinted that it might name an emergency apostolic administrator, as it often does in Communist lands. Just before Christmas, the chapter capitulated. Editorialized Cologne's daily *Express*: "The Pope has won, the church has lost."

Showing no remorse, Vatican officials predict more hard-line nominees. Papal envoys, says a Vatican insider, "are basically under sealed instructions to nominate conservatives. They will be pushing them into Brazil, France, also the U.S., even in the small appointments." Another official vigorously defends the Pope's men. They "are branded as conservative," he says, "but to conserve is also a positive thing. As we must conserve our resources or the environment, so we must conserve the church also." There is, however, a risk that growing disenchantment with John Paul's single-minded use of his power may ultimately alienate those whose allegiance he is seeking to strengthen.

—By Richard N. Ostling.
Reported by Gertraud Lessing/Vienna and Robert Moynihan/Rome

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Read My Cliché

An epidemic of Bushisms

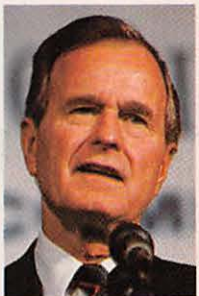
George Bush is hardly known for his rhetorical gifts. But his speech at last summer's Republican Convention has already left its mark on the American language—at least the kind pundits write and speak. Ever since Bush invited the Congress to “read my lips,” invoked a “thousand points of light” and promised a “kinder and gentler nation,” journalists have become obsessed with the phrases.

“Read my nose,” declared NBC News commentator John Chancellor last November, decrying the foul atmosphere of the fall campaign. READ MY LICKS, headlined the Los Angeles Times in a story about the menu for an Inaugural reception this month. Christian Science Monitor reviewer John Beaufort could not resist pointing out the “thousand points of incandescent light” in the lavish Broadway musical *Legs Diamond*. Last week USA Today ran a story about the pre-Inaugural cleanup of Washington. The headline: A THOUSAND POINTS OF GLEAM.

Most pervasive, however, has been the use of “kinder, gentler.” Since August, journalists have conjured up the images of a kinder, gentler Congress, Soviet Union, FCC, sitcom and leveraged buyout. The Washington Post even reported that the IRS was preparing a “kinder, gentler 1040.” New York Times columnist William Safire feels that the epidemic (to which TIME itself has not been immune) has taken hold because journalists need such pithy lines to play on. Says Safire: “It’s catnip, and we’re all cats.”

Of course, the press is not entirely to blame: politicians are overusing the phrases too. Asked how his meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev was going during last month's mini-summit, President Reagan replied, “Read our smiles,” a line that turned up on the next day's front pages. New York City Mayor Ed Koch, who faces a tough reelection fight, recently promised reporters—you guessed it—a “kinder, gentler Ed Koch.” But just in case the President-elect is growing tired of his own clichés, help is on the way: Peggy Noonan, the writer who penned his New Orleans speech, is currently honing a new batch for the Inaugural Address. And none too soon.

—By Laurence Zuckerman



The phrasemaker



Provocateurs of passion: Mme. Stage Manager (Close) and M. Snake (Malkovich)

Cinema

Lust Is a Thing with Feathers

DANGEROUS LIAISONS Directed by Stephen Frears
Screenplay by Christopher Hampton

BY RICHARD CORLISS

The old moguls hated movies where people wore powdered wigs and wrote with feathers. So this film's first images should set the old bosses spinning in their mausoleums. A gentleman's peruke is affixed, a lady's bosom powdered. But this gentleman, the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), is an icy defiler, and this lady, the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close), secretes contempt under her frozen smile. Among the French aristocracy just before the Revolution, she is the stage manager of affections and deceptions, he the lickish snake who literally hisses at his adversaries. Their cruel games will lead them to peek through keyholes, swipe bedroom keys, purloin letters, ruin lives. And write with feathers.

Such a lovely couple, these two provocateurs of passion. Her salon is a school in which girls may unlearn their innocence. And he is the ideal professor for a young lady's sentimental education. Just now Valmont has two pupils in mind: a naive, eager teenager (Uma Thurman) and the beautiful, pious Mme. de Tourvel (Michelle Pfeiffer), who keeps resisting Valmont's purring declarations of love. And then, to his astonishment, he realizes that he means them. In a rake, sincerity is lethal. He who has lived by the word will die by the sword. And Mme. la Marquise will founder with him. Their game is over.

Onstage, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the

Choderlos de Laclos novel, was elegant and epicene. *Les Lay* caught the novel's central conceit—that sex is a wicked game, the rankest form of show business—in a witty talkathon on Topic A. The movie goes one crucial step further, allowing the characters to shrug off their finery and display some redeeming prurient interest. The actresses are all wanly handsome: ornaments of an era close to exhaustion. Pfeiffer and Thurman make for luscious bookends in the library of lust. Close sits back and plays the puppeteer of a dozen destinies, until she realizes that the job comes with strings attached.

Everyone who watches the late show knows that the antique French spoke with Oxford accents. Here, though, the aristocrats speak breadbasket American, while the servants talk with an English or Irish lilt—a subtle joke on the imperialism of American culture. If there is a pitfall in this strategy, it is that American actors are defter at explosions than at epigrams. They are not trained, as the English are, to coil themselves in hauteur. So at times Malkovich plays the evil dandy too diligently; on his brow you can almost see the fop sweat. Then gradually he learns to trust the intimacy of Frears' close-up camera style. The lizard eyes crease with desire; tiny curlicues of smirk rise from the corners of his mouth; the wispy voice locates the moral malaise at the heart of Valmont's debauchery. He embodies the cynical wisdom of this excellent film: life is one big performance art, and sex is a little death.

Worries About Overactive Kids

Are too many youngsters being misdiagnosed and medicated?

They are Dennis the Menace come to life, half-pint hellions who drive parents and teachers to distraction with their disruptive antics. At home they clamber on kitchen counters, unscrew light bulbs and mess up the simplest tasks, from hanging up their clothes to making the bed. In school they throw erasers, kick desks, shove classmates and are so busy making nuisances of themselves that they fail to absorb their lessons. One bedeviled mother speaks for many when she says, "I would have given the kid away."

lants, dampen impulsive behavior in hyperactive youngsters and enable them to concentrate longer. Up to 750,000 American children now take drugs to control ADHD; that figure is expected to reach 1 million by the early 1990s.

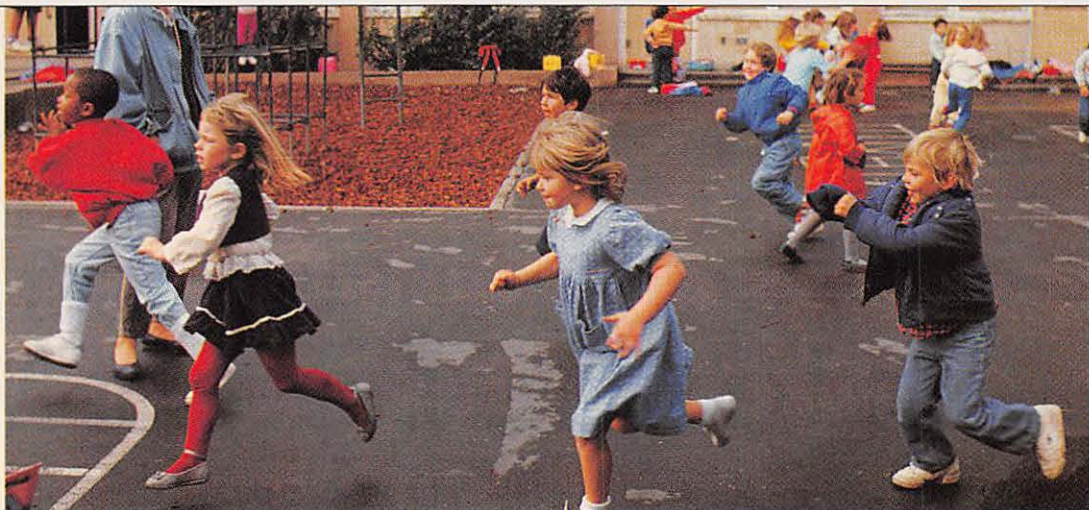
But within the medical field and among parents concern is growing that too many youngsters are being incorrectly labeled and improperly medicated. Hyperactivity has become a convenient diagnostic wastebasket into which doctors and impatient parents, teachers and school

of education over whether her son's public school can demand that he take Ritalin to attend regular classes.

Many physicians defend the use of Ritalin, citing studies indicating that the drug is generally safe and is effective in about 80% of cases of hyperactive children. Adverse effects are usually limited to temporary appetite loss and insomnia. "Ritalin is not a panacea," says researcher Howard Abikoff of the Long Island Jewish Medical Center, "but without medication we'd be up against the wall."

Yet some medical experts acknowledge that Ritalin is being overprescribed. In Georgia, Michigan, Utah and Maryland use of the drug is two or three times the national average. Says Andrew Watry, executive director of Georgia's

Running around a schoolyard, as demonstrated by these normal children in San Francisco, is a good way to blow off steam. But today's youngsters, under ever greater pressure to be successful students, often have few such physical outlets.



Such hyperactivity has emerged within the past decade as the most common—and controversial—childhood behavioral disorder. According to the National Institutes of Health, as many as 1 out of 10 U.S. youngsters—mostly boys—may suffer from the baffling syndrome. Doctors disagree about what causes hyperactivity, or attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), as it is now known. Everything from brain damage to stress, food allergies or radiation from TV sets has been suggested. The NIH says the problem is probably a combination of as yet elusive genetic, environmental, neurological or biochemical factors. Diagnosis is difficult, since there is no laboratory test for the disorder, and the symptoms are vague and confusing. "Hyperactivity is in the eyes of the beholder," notes James Kavanagh, an NIH behavioral scientist.

Treatment for hyperactivity includes psychological counseling, special diets that restrict artificial flavorings and preservatives and, most typically, medication with such amphetamines as Ritalin and Dexedrine. For unexplained reasons, these drugs, which usually act as stimu-

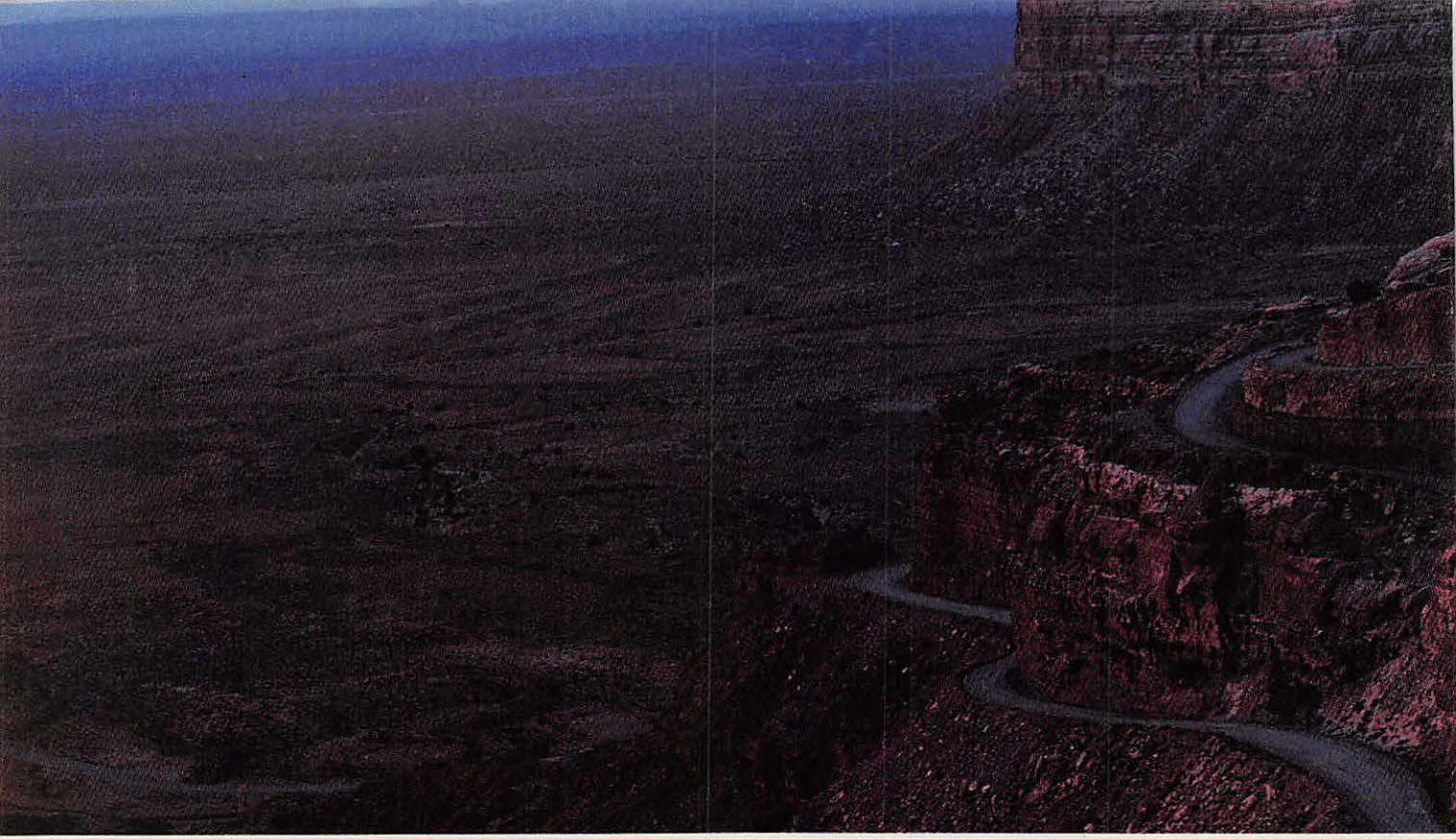
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medical board: "It's seen by some as a quick fix for behavior problems." The blame belongs not only to doctors, who sometimes give little more than cursory examinations before reaching for the prescription pad, and teachers, who want their classrooms to be peaceful. It also rests on parents, who often expect their children to be stellar performers. ADHD is most commonly diagnosed in prosperous suburbs, where the pressures to achieve are frequently greatest.

Doctors emphasize that drugs should be a last, not a first, resort. Minor interventions, such as moving a child to the front row in class or allowing him more time to complete tasks, can lead to improvement. Rewards—extra television or a favorite snack—can help reinforce good behavior. And psychological therapy can bolster a child's flagging self-esteem and address social problems, like a lack of friends, that contribute to his distress. Only when these remedies fail should parents try medication on their overly active youngsters.

—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Joyce Leviton/Atlanta and Marguerite Michaels/New York



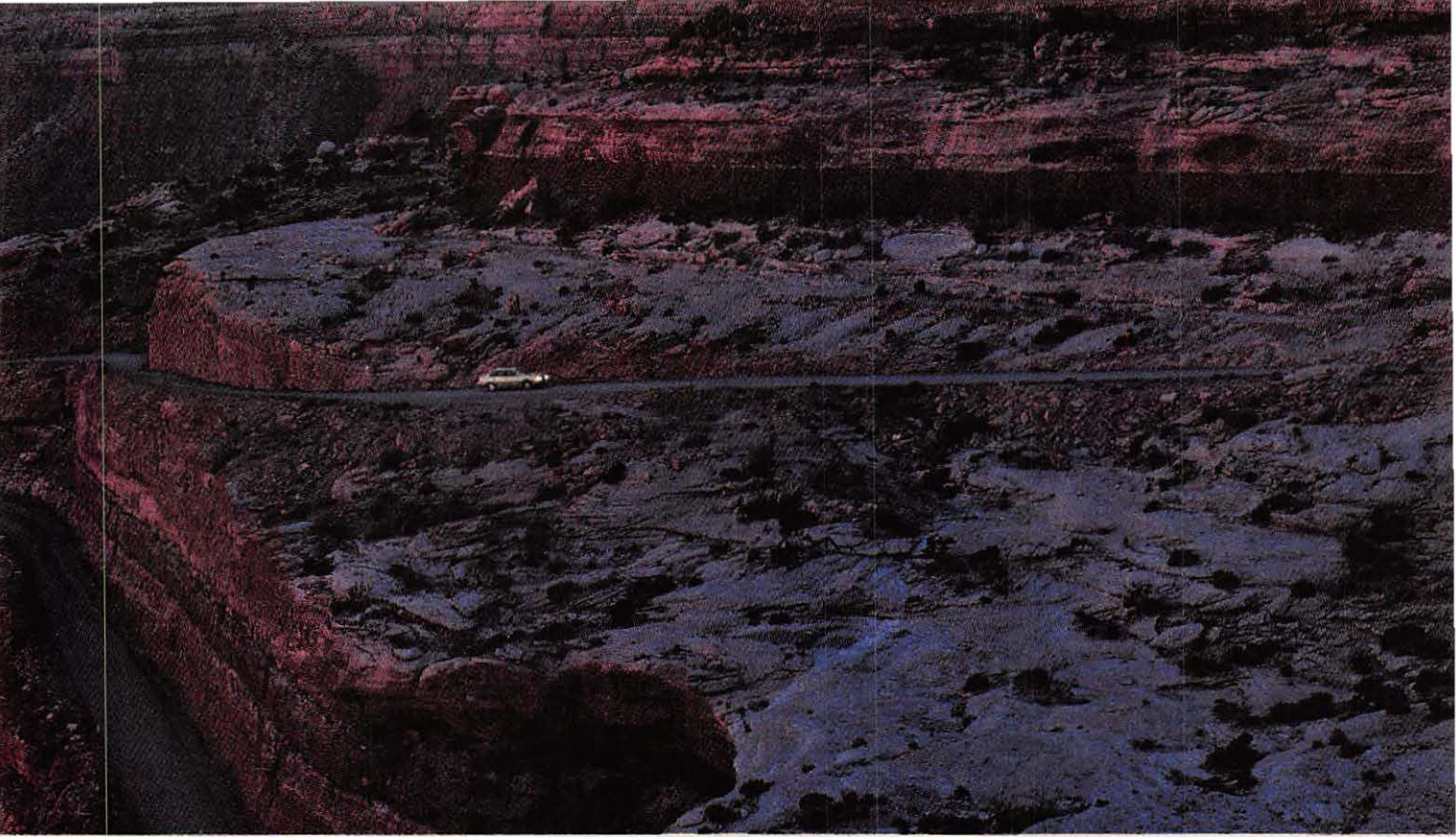
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A Look on the Wild Side

Two young designers liven up a groggy fashion scene

The spellings are challenging, the pronunciation a little tricky, but it might be best to get used to these two names right now. They appear on the labels of some of the most intrepid clothes around, and they belong to two of the sprightliest newcomers anywhere on the fashion map.

The fresh and refreshingly feckless designs of Sybilla, 25, of Madrid, and Dirk Bikkembergs, 29, of Antwerp, have mostly their brio in common. There is no serious risk that anyone would ever get their labels switched. Bikkembergs works out of a small, somewhat dilapidated studio, where he turns out a line of men's clothing that alternates between the sober gray severity of sweatshirt-style knitwear and the giddy excesses of retro-hippie sports clothes. Sybilla, who designs in a "dream house" atelier in Spain's sunny capital, makes mischievous, inventively styled fashions for women that work from no fixed stylistic compass.

Sybilla's fancies include ball gowns with little metal fish falling from the folds; ear-shaped buttons securing, with just a hint of discretion, a sexy blouse; a shawl with fabric flowers sprouting from the shoulders. Sure, some of this is stuff you wear on a dare. But be warned: high spirits can be contagious, even at these prices (around \$850 for a slinky silk Sybilla with a woven metallic shawl; \$1,000 for a suede, fringed Bikkembergs jacket). Moreover, it may still be something of a challenge for fashion fans in the U.S. to find things by Sybilla or Bikkembergs. The places to look at the moment are at stores like Torie Steele in Los Angeles, Barney's in New York City or Alan Bilzerian in Boston.

Bilzerian's staff has solved a minor Bikkembergs dilemma—how to get his moniker to move trippingly off the American tongue—by referring to the designer as "the Dirker," as if he were some arcane medieval instrument used for storming castles. A native of Germany, Bikkembergs grew up in a strict, financially comfortable household. During his teenage years, he moved to Antwerp and became one of the leading designers in the city's gutsy fashion circle. Bikkembergs has some pretty strong ideas about his impact. "So far," he says, "I have made no money at all. But in four years, the world will be at my feet."

The world, once it gets a good look at Bikkembergs' footwear, may go easy around his extremities. One of his more conservative shoe collections was a mad-cap combination of combat boots and vintage Olympic running shoes, a sort of



DIRK Retro-hippie meets the European avant-garde in Bikkembergs' upcoming collection



SYBILLA Inventive, ebullient fashion for fun, without any fixed stylistic compass

rough-trade revision of *Chariots of Fire*. Laces looped into mad interstices, toes were rounded off into inverted parentheses and functional elements of the shoe—like the tongue—threatened to become design elements all on their own.

This is not quite as frivolous, or as impractical, as it may sound. At least one Dirker design (a soft leather, multicolored running shoe for street wear) has been widely copied. Such intimations that Bikkembergs may be on a popular wavelength encourage his sweeping fantasies of success but do not dilute his often self-mocking sense of humor. One recent inspiration was to reverse the usual order of dressing and put underwear on over the trousers. The look may not catch on at Paine Webber, but Bikkembergs is hardly the first young upstart to show off his talent by flouting convention.

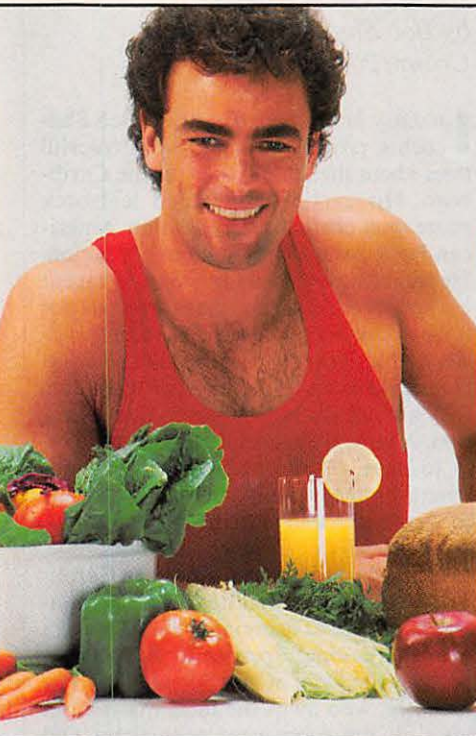
In Bikkembergs' current designs, however, convention is also playing a fast game of footsie with pragmatism. There are indications that the Dirker may be working toward an accommodation with the mainstream. He has recently struck a deal with the established Italian manufacturer GIBO, which handles such successful lines as Jean-Paul Gaultier and Sybilla. Where the Dirker comes down heavy on prankishness, Sybilla tends to the winsome and the ingenious. Her clothes are mostly hand finished and full of little surprises, like tucks that form boxes or a hem that looks to have been pushed up for a hasty jump across a puddle.

Born Sybilla Sorondo in New York City, she worked for a year in Paris at Yves Saint Laurent as a seamstress, getting down her technique but drawing inspiration from the streets of Spain, where she grew up. She showed her first collection in Madrid in 1983, a "100% idealistic period, when I only did dresses for people who came to me." By 1984, however, she was selling her designs to other shops, and in three years she was producing more than her Spanish manufacturer could handle. She switched to GIBO, and although she admits, "I'm always terrified of losing control," she continues to see her designs as small fragments of communication, serendipity on a clothes hanger.

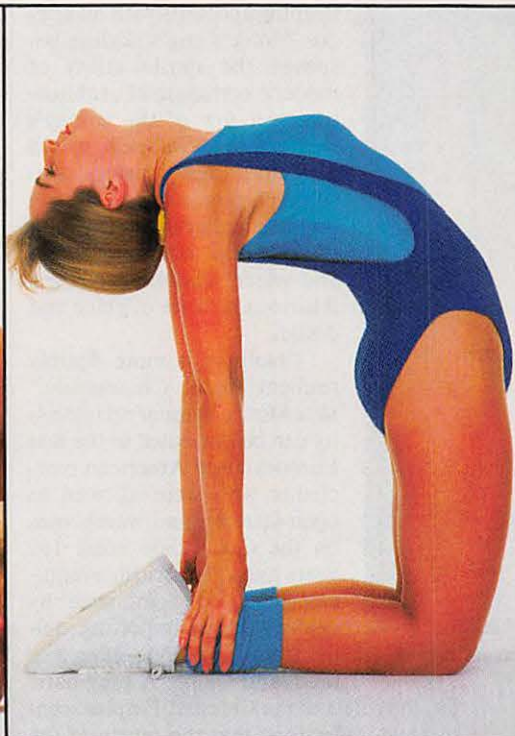
"You make someone happy through a dress," she says. "You see what happens to a woman—how they put it on, and insecurities, disappointments, complexes disappear. I think about women's complexes—having breasts, not having breasts—and I try to make something for the body. I try to make a waist for women who don't have one." She will, however, be wasting no time, so best snap up that Sybilla now. She promises to retire in five years.

—By Jay Cocks. Reported by Cathy Booth/Florence and Denise Claveloux/Brussels

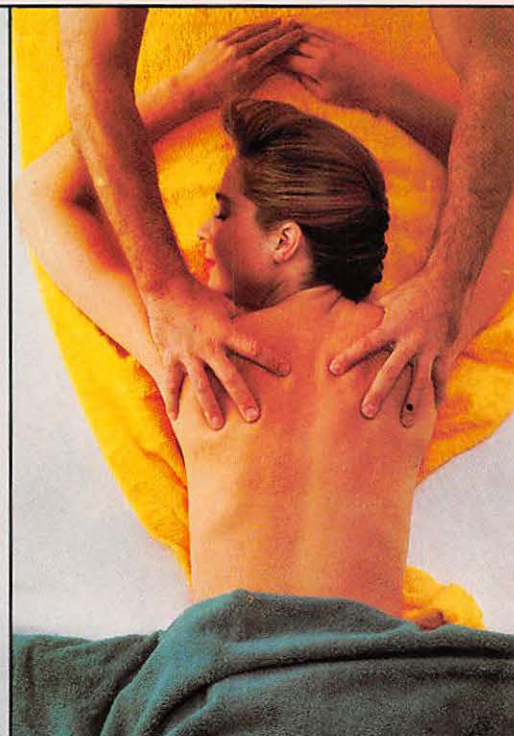
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Moving North

THE NEXT NEW WORLD

by Bob Shacochis

Crown; 209 pages; \$16.95

In *Easy in the Islands* (1985), Bob Shacochis proved he could spin colorful tales about life, chiefly low, in the Caribbean. His exotic settings and laid-back prose won critical praise and an American Book Award for a first book of fiction. He might be excused for trying to repeat his earlier success, but that turns out not to be necessary. Only two of the eight stories in *The Next New World* take place on tropical islands, and while perfectly fine, they are not the best things in this collection. A typical Shacochis story is still likely to have a large body of water somewhere in the vicinity, but the author is moving north and onto the mainland.

Squirrelly's Grouper, for example, takes place on Hatteras, on North Carolina's Outer Banks, and deals with a reclusive commercial fisherman who hauls in a record-breaking specimen, a Warsaw grouper the "size of an Oldsmobile." The narrator, who owns the local marina, relates all the subsequent excitement and then warns, "Now if you don't already know, this story winds up with a punch from so far out in left field there's just no way you can see it coming, but I can't apologize for that." Nor, given the artful conclusion, should he. *Stolen Kiss* moves up the coastline a bit to Rehoboth, where a longtime Washington bureaucrat now works as a year-round handyman and lives apart from his wife of 39 years. "Thank God," he muses, "for letting us be apart and at peace with the loneliness," although his serenity proves more fragile than he wants to believe.

Shacochis, 37, shows an ability uncommon among younger writers to treat sensitively, without condescension, the perils of middle and old age. *Celebrations of the New World* portrays a Fourth of July family gathering in Philadelphia, the first full-scale meeting of the narrator's relatives and those of his wife. The scene is crowded and confusing at first, but the focus eventually comes to rest on the father-in-law, Bernie Alazar, who is experiencing the progressive deterioration of Alzheimer's disease. Nothing can save Bernie in the long run, but this story, the best in the book, provides moments of touching recognition and redemption. Shacochis inserts, with no visible effort, an extraordinary amount of detail into his short fiction. The fashion in stories these days runs toward attenuated aperçus. None of these will be found here, only pieces that are unstylishly generous and memorable.

—By Paul Gray

cient beliefs give *Hong Kong* its basic texture. One can see a computer-store manager keeping accounts with an abacus. Hong Kong's skyline bespeaks the sterile utility of modern commercial architecture, yet few of the colony's real estate developers would pick up a shovel before consulting a geomancer to site the building according to the rules of *feng shui*, meaning "wind and water" and envisioning a felicitous balance of place and design.

"Nothing is more flexibly resilient than Chineseness," says Morris. Similar adaptability can be attributed to the first European and American merchants who were allowed to open factories and warehouses on the Guangzhou coast 150 years ago. The British eventually achieved dominance by dealing drugs, importing opium from India and selling it to mainland China. A pragmatic

lot, the rulers of the Celestial Empire seem to have understood that the opiate of the people was opium.

It took some gunboat diplomacy to bring the area under British sovereignty. The Treaty of Nanking in 1842 ended the First Anglo-Chinese War and transferred Hong Kong to the crown. In 1898 the mainland region later known as the New Territories was added under the 99-year lease agreement. The only disruption of the tenancy was the Japanese occupation during World War II.

An extensive knowledge and understanding of historical forces gives Morris a leg up on most travel journalists. What distinguishes her work is an ability, if not need, to write with her senses as well as her intellect. The sights and sounds of what she calls Hong Kong's "fructifying untidiness" are abundant and enthusiastically conveyed. So are the odors, especially what the author calls a blend of "duck-mess" and gasoline.

After more than a dozen books and scores of travel articles, Morris remains unjailed by the noise and disruption of urban life. She is certainly a believer in possibilities (see *Conundrum*, her 1974 account of the medical and psychological sex-change procedures that turned James Morris into Jan Morris). It is worth noting that when she writes about the "architectural hodgepodge" and "irresistible activity" of Hong Kong, she does so as a visitor, not as a permanent resident. Home base is a quiet village in Wales where, one can reasonably assume, the *feng shui* has been good for centuries.

—By R.Z. Sheppard



DAVID LEVISON

Morris: duck-mess, gasoline and a fructifying untidiness

Wind and Water

HONG KONG

by Jan Morris

Random House; 359 pages; \$19.95

Not wanting to miss a historic bash, Jan Morris has already booked a room in Hong Kong for July 1, 1997. That is the day when Britain's 99-year lease on the crown colony runs out and the People's Republic of China moves in. Except for replacing the Union Jack with its red banner, Beijing does not now plan any major redecorating. The island and its adjacent territories are to be designated a Special Administrative Region with authority to continue practicing their unfettered style of economic individualism.

So much for the domino theory. Despite China's power to stalemate the Korean War, and the U.S. defeat in Viet Nam, capitalism has flourished in Asia—a painful irony when one considers the price paid by successive American governments to contain the Communists.

Morris' guide to Hong Kong's past, present and future provides useful perspectives on the shifting balances of economic power. If her tone ranges from the cheerfully neutral to the unabashedly admiring, it is because this author of travel books and studies of British imperialism is fundamentally an optimist. New forms and new methods superimposed on an-

New Perils of the Pill?

Reports of a link to breast cancer stir confusion and fear

When oral contraceptives were introduced in 1960, women embraced them as a dream drug: an easy, reliable and safe way to prevent pregnancy. But fears spread in the 1970s, after researchers found that users of the Pill, particularly smokers, were somewhat more vulnerable than other women to heart attacks and strokes. In the '80s the Pill became attractive again after scientists showed that it helps protect against ovarian and endometrial cancer.

Now women are confused—even panicked—once more, this time by reports suggesting that the use of birth-control pills increases the risk of breast cancer. After newspaper and TV stories on the possible link appeared last week, doctors were besieged by calls from many of the 13.2 million American women who take the Pill. And no wonder: breast cancer is the third leading cause of death among U.S. women, killing 42,000 a year.

The concern stemmed from two U.S. studies and one from Britain. Among the findings:

- ▶ Childless women who started menstruating before age 13 and had been on the Pill for eight to eleven years were nearly three times as likely to develop breast cancer as comparable women who had not used oral contraceptives.
- ▶ Women who took the Pill for more



YORK—MEDICINE—THE STOCK SHOP



LYLE—MEDICINE—THE STOCK SHOP

Protection: contraceptive packets and a mammogram checkup

The FDA considers the evidence too weak to warrant warnings.

than ten years tripled their risk of developing breast cancer by age 45.

- ▶ The rate of breast cancer in women 30 to 34 who were former pill users was three times as high as in those who had not taken the drug.

Though unsettling, these studies are

far from conclusive. They contradict about 30 previous surveys, nearly all of which indicated that the Pill is safe. Last week an advisory committee of the Food and Drug Administration met to review the handful of studies suggesting otherwise. The panel's conclusion: the evidence is too weak to warrant a change in pill use or a new warning label. But the group admitted that the issue is not settled and called for further research.

Some consumer advocates think women should be warned that the safety of oral contraceptives is in question. "It's not clear the Pill is *not* associated with breast cancer," contended Judy Norsigian of Boston's Women's Health Book Collective.

But most scientists, including those who conducted the disturbing studies, backed the FDA's stance. Said Bruce Stadel, an agency epidemiologist: "The findings are inconsistent and difficult to reconcile with biological plausibility."

Researchers believe the latest findings could be due to errors in study design or interpretation. Moreover, the surveys may not be relevant to current pills. The reports contain data on women who took older formulations of oral contraceptives; today's tablets contain lower levels of sex hormones and are considered

much safer. Most doctors remain convinced that the Pill's documented benefits far outweigh unproven risks. Women will have to decide for themselves whether they agree.

—By Anastasia Toufexis.

Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York and Dick Thompson/Washington

Milestones

REINSTATED. Christopher Baldwin, 21, and John Sutter, 22, co-editors of the obstreperous *Dartmouth Review* who were suspended from Dartmouth College last year for harassing a black professor of music; by Superior Court Judge Bruce Mohl; in North Haverhill, N.H. The two students got into a shouting match with the professor after the *Review* lampooned him. Baldwin and Sutter are suing Dartmouth, arguing that the college violated their contractual rights.

SENTENCED. Gustav Hasford, 41, a screenwriter for the Viet Nam War film *Full Metal Jacket*; to six months in jail and five years' probation for possession of thousands of stolen library books; in San Luis Obispo, Calif. Last March police at California Polytechnic State University discovered the books, some from as far away as Australia, in lockers rented by Hasford.

RETIRED. Thaddeus Armie Eure, 89, North Carolina's secretary of state and the nation's longest-serving public official; in Raleigh. He began his career as mayor of Winton in 1923. "Governors come and go," said Rufus Edmisten, Eure's successor, "but Mr. Thad has remained. He has been North Carolina."

HOSPITALIZED. John Tower, 63, former U.S. Senator from Texas and nominee for Secretary of Defense; for surgical removal of a benign polyp from his colon; at Baylor University Medical Center in Dallas. Two weeks ago, doctors removed a malignant polyp from his rectum. Aides to George Bush said the President-elect plans to pursue Tower's nomination.

RECOVERING. Oscar Arias Sánchez, 47, President of Costa Rica and winner of the 1987 Nobel Peace Prize; from minor sur-

gery to remove a skin tumor from his back; in San José, Costa Rica.

RECOVERING. Ronald Reagan, 77, from elective surgery to correct contraction of the ring finger on his left hand; in Washington. The President suffered from Dupuytren's contracture, a thickening of the tissue beneath the skin. He was to return to the White House Sunday following a two-night stay at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, and is expected to resume a normal schedule.

DIED. Thomas Holmes, 70, psychiatrist who along with Richard Rahe created the Holmes-Rahe stress scale, which measures on a scale of 11 to 100 the effects of such life-changing events as the death of a spouse (100), divorce (73), marriage (50), retirement (45), pregnancy (40); of a stroke; in Seattle.

We couldn't pri



The USAC Test Results:

	T-BIRD LX	COUGAR LS	CUTLASS SUPREME SL*
BRAKING	162.32 ft	165.49 ft	144.98 ft
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and 43.24 miles per hour.†† At that rate of speed, T-Bird and Cougar couldn't handle it.

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Further, Cutlass Supreme has four-wheel disc brakes as standard equipment, while T-Bird and Cougar feature rear drum brakes as standard. And Cutlass Supreme with optional FE3 suspension has been applauded by *Car and Driver* who wrote, "This car bends into corners with grace, and it tracks down the highway with confidence." *Automobile Magazine* says, "It likes to be driven hard."

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*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price of cars as tested by USAC. Levels of equipment vary.

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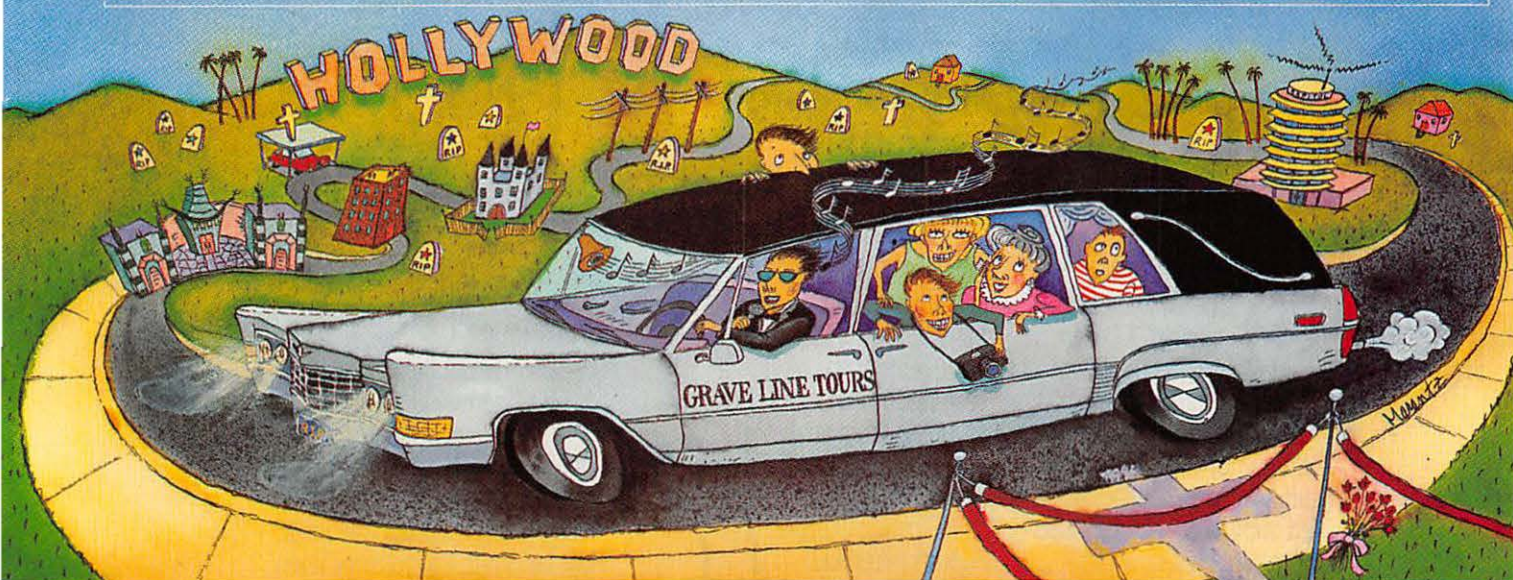


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY ROBBIE MARANTZ

And Now, Hollywood Babble-On

A Tinseltown tour limns deathstyles of the rich and famous

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Reader, beware. This article is rated PG: Pretty Ghoulish. Or, as Bette Davis' recorded voice advises at the beginning of each Grave Line Tour, "Fasten your seat belts. It's going to be a bumpy night!"

The seven passengers have paid \$25 each to pile into a 1969 Cadillac hearse outside Hollywood's Chinese Theater and begin a 2½-hour excursion into "the deathstyles of the rich and famous." As the brochure promises, Grave Line "takes you back through time to the tawdry, twisted, titillating tales of Tinseltown like no other tour service dares! You'll see Hollywood's Babylon at its most unflattering angle! The sizzling scandals, jilted romances, real murder scenes, hottest suicide spots, hospitals of horizontal dismissals and the churches of famous funerals!"

O.K., why not? At the fag end of an American retro-decade that filches its economic policies from the 1920s, its deco furniture from the '30s, its favorite movies from the '40s, its short haircuts from the '50s, its dirty-dancing music from the '60s and its galloping egotism from the '70s, why shouldn't the flashiest tour in Los Angeles mix camp nostalgia with giddy grave robbing? And why shouldn't a necromantic like Greg Smith, Grave Line's "director of undertakings" and occasional tour guide, make some clean money washing his Forest Lawndry in public? Grave Line is a haunt and a howl for children of all ages and no taste. "It's like being in the Haunted Mansion at Disneyland," gushes Beth Arrowsmith, a

passenger on today's field trip. It's educational as well. "When you're considering real estate," opines stockbroker Kimberly Ross, "it's nice to know this stuff."

You bet, Kimberly. Before you close a deal on that two-story house near the Rudolph Valentino mansion on Bella Drive, you should know that this was where Sharon Tate and four others were murdered by Manson's minions. And if you're thinking of renting an apartment in that tan building on Shoreham Drive, consider the effect on property values of Diane Linkletter's 1969 suicide leap from the sixth floor after a bad LSD trip. Your friendly Realtor might not mention that the brown house on Benedict Canyon Drive was the spot where George Reeves, TV's Superman, "fired a speeding bullet into his brain." Or that the large house with the armor-plated front door was Bugsy Siegel's place, where the gangster died in a hail of gunfire.

Grave Line does not neglect the state-ly homes of more traditional Hollywood sight-sees. The hearse cruises past Jayne Mansfield's "pink palace," the one with the heart-shaped swimming pool, where the cantilevered comedian dwelt at the time she literally lost her head in a car crash. It decelerates outside Elizabeth Taylor's current home, which belonged to Frank Sinatra when his son was kidnapped and held for \$240,000 ransom. It motors around the corner, past Ronald and Nancy Reagan's retirement villa. The original address was 666 St. Cloud Street, but because 666 is the number of the Antichrist, the Reagans petitioned the city council to have the number changed to 668, perhaps after advice from Nancy's astrologer.

Visitors to Los Angeles may want to take the Grave Line before deciding on a hotel. Check in at the Regency Plaza, where Divine checked out. Or the Chateau Marmont, where John Belushi died of a drug overdose. Or the Beverly Hills, where Peter Finch "keeled over from a heart attack in the lobby." Or the Hollywood Knickerbocker, on whose roof Harry Houdini's widow held seances to reach her elusive husband. Or the squalid Highland Gardens. That's the place where Janis Joplin "landed bottoms up in her baby dolls."

Grave Line wrenches tears describing the last moments of Hollywood's great ladies, like actress Peg Entwistle, who earned lasting stardom diving from the 50-ft.-high H of the HOLLYWOOD sign. As the hearse passes an empty lot that once held the apartment house of Clara Blandick (Auntie Em in *The Wizard of Oz*), you learn that on Palm Sunday of her 80th year she attended church, went home and penned a note: "I am now about to make the great adventure . . . I pray the Lord my soul to take, amen." Then she pulled a plastic bag over her head and suffocated herself. The Grave guide notes: "We give Auntie Em credit for being L.A.'s first bag lady." Cheer up and swing past the Ravenswood Apartments. Mae West owned them and lived in the penthouse until age 88, when "God told her to come up and see him."

Smith, 36, had the hots for death even as a boy in Prairie Village, Kans. He warmly recalls his dying mother's last words to him: "She said, 'You're weird. You're very weird.' It was a wonderful send-off." A curious lad, Greg had heard that Walt Disney's body had been cryogenically preserved, and "when *Disney's World on Ice* came to town, I was hoping that they would push Uncle Walt out on a block of ice. Instead it was Goofy on skates." For odd jobs Greg baby-sat a uni-

corn, chauffeured the local whores, served as a paramedic. He attended—what else?—the Cypress College of Mortuary Science. “I have a lot of fears about living,” Smith says, “but I have no fears about dying. After all, you’re only alive for 70 years and you’re dead for billions, so I don’t know why everybody is hung up on dying. I can hardly wait.”

Smith could hardly wait to come to Los Angeles, where he took 3-D photos of Marilyn Monroe’s tombstone and located the grave site of third Stogie Curly Howard. He felt like Heinrich Schliemann at the dig of ancient Troy: “It’s less of a thrill now, I must admit, but at the time I was vibrating.” A true ’80s entrepreneur, Smith built on the work of such fond scholars of grotesquerie as Kenneth Anger, Elliott Stein and John Waters, but with all Los Angeles as his theme park. “I pitched the idea to my dad,” he recalls. “First he kind of blanched and reached for his nitroglycerin pills. Then he said, ‘I’ll give you the money if you don’t drag my name into it.’ I said, ‘O.K., you’ve got a deal.’” Smith boned up on his death-defining research and bought the hearse back in Kansas, then drove it cross-country. One night he slept in it: “I thought, I must be the first person to wake up in a hearse.”

These days they line up to ride in Smith’s Caddy crypt. They weave down Benedict Canyon Drive, tracing the path Richard Dreyfuss took on Oct. 10, 1982, when he hit a palm tree and flipped over his Mercedes, after which he pleaded guilty to cocaine possession. They hear the strains of *Dead Man’s Curve* as they reach the intersection where Jan Berry, of the pop duo Jan and Dean, crashed his sports car in April 1966 and was partly paralyzed. They trace the route Montgomery Clift took the night of May 13, 1956, when he lost control of his car and slammed into a telephone pole at the bottom of the hill. The plastic surgery he endured never restored that beautiful face.

Yet Smith sees beauty in the Hollywood bestiary he has compiled. “Everybody says to me, ‘Isn’t it a morbid job?’ and I think, God, no, working in a bank would be a morbid job. That would be death to my soul.” This spring he will open a Hollywood shop to sell audio- and videotapes, Xeroxes of celebrity death certificates, T-shirts and mugs. “It’s illegal,” he says, “but I’d love to sell 5-lb. packets of celebrity trash. I think they’d make great gifts.”

Is this marketing of death and detritus the ultimate in gruesome groupieism? Or is it just another clue to America’s fascination with its own decayed glamour? If Elvis can survive beyond the grave, why can’t Greg Smith thrive in it? As he says, “The only certain things are death and taxes—and nobody wants to see where the stars paid their taxes.”

Anyway, it’s a living. —Reported by
Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

Video

“Red Harry’s” Revolution

A VERY BRITISH COUP PBS; Jan. 15 and 16, 9 p.m. on most stations

BY RICHARD ZOGLIN

Leftists come in all shapes and sizes, but few have the foursquare charm of Harry Perkins. A bluff, charismatic ex-steelworker, he has been swept into power as Britain’s Prime Minister with the most radical mandate of the century. From the start, he proves himself a master of both style and substance. Instead of the tradi-

right-wing press dubs him, is that he is not really in charge. His phone is being tapped. The CIA has infiltrated his Cabinet. His own intelligence chief is ferreting out scandals, real and invented, in an effort to bring down his government. In *A Very British Coup*, an engrossing new Masterpiece Theatre presentation, Perkins starts out trying to make a revolution. He ends up making a stand for the quaint

notion that governments should be run by the people elected to office.

After years of good, gray Masterpiece Theatre dramas, this three-hour import from Britain’s innovative Channel 4 comes like a bracing wind from the North Sea. No decorous Edwardian soap opera, no fine period costumes, no tasteful cello music. This is a crackling, contemporary political thriller, directed at headlong speed by Mick Jackson from a witty, clued-in script by Alan Plater. The dialogue is dense, often overlapping, sometimes unintelligible. Compared with such relatively simpleminded American efforts as the NBC mini-series *Favorite Son*, *A Very British Coup* seems revolutionary in its own right: a TV political drama for adults.

First, it gets the texture right, from the Cabinet meetings presided over with brusque efficiency by Perkins to the crowd of reporters that provides a constant heckling chorus. The plot is imaginative but plausible, just a half-step beyond today’s headlines. When the power workers’ union goes on strike to protest Perkins’ economic plans,

soccer stadiums are plunged into darkness and the nation into harsh second thoughts about the new regime. Later, to dramatize his views on disarmament, Perkins arranges to have a nuclear weapon dismantled on live TV. “I once tried middle of the road,” he tells an aide. “I was knocked down by traffic in both directions.”

Ray McAnally, at once steely and folksy, could not be better as Perkins. The film’s message—that a sinister shadow government is calling the shots, no matter who takes office—is perhaps too fashionably paranoid. But this savvy political tale shows an uncynical faith in the ability of politicians to act on their beliefs, seek change, do battle honorably against evil. After a disillusioning presidential campaign, *A Very British Coup* may be just what American viewers need.



Winds of change: McAnally as the Prime Minister

Crackling drama, just beyond the headlines.

tional ride to Downing Street on his first day of work, he opts for an egalitarian stroll. To both insiders and outsiders he pledges openness and honesty. “We stand on our own two feet, and we tell the truth,” he instructs his press secretary. “Original, don’t you think?”

His socialist agenda is disarmingly up front (at Cabinet meetings he calls his Ministers “comrades”), his tactics street-fighter tough. When the U.S. Government, upset at Perkins’ antinuclear policies, turns up the economic pressure, he thumbs his nose by going to the Soviet Union for a financial bailout. Gleefully making the announcement at a press conference, he even supplies the tabloid writers with their next morning’s headline: PERKINS SAVED BY KREMLIN GOLD!

The trouble for “Red Harry,” as the

By Howard G. Chua-Eoan

Old Comrades Just Want to Have Fun

In hindsight, DENG XIAOPING'S ingenuity in overcoming purge after political purge seemed to be in the cards. Over New Year's, Beijing's gray eminence showed once again that he knows how to play his hand, beating out 63 other elderly players in the sixth annual Old Comrades bridge tournament at the Great Hall of the People. Explained the chain-smoking Chinese leader: "I swim to exercise my body and play bridge to exercise my mind." Deng, however, was quick to point out that he plays only for fun, since gambling is illegal. During the Cultural Revolution, Deng did get into trouble when his enemies accused him of commandeering a train to transport card-playing buddies. But that's water under the bridge.



XINHUA NEWS AGENCY

How to Commit Marriage

Mourning his murdered lover, *Playboy* playmate **Dorothy Stratten**, director **Peter Bogdanovich** (*Mask*, *The Last Picture Show*) profusely thanked her mother and siblings. "They took me into their family and taught me a kind of love as selfless as Dorothy's," he wrote. Four years later he flipped over



BERYL GRAVES

Stratten's sister **Louise**, then graduating from high school. "I guess we discovered we were much closer than we thought," recalled

the director last week, after revealing he had married Louise, 20, in Vancouver on Dec. 30. The bride's mother wept: "I've lost another daughter." Said Bogdanovich, 49, now at work on *Texasville*, a sequel to *The Last Picture Show*: "She's sorry she said that. She's not herself at the moment." He added, "Louise is very different from Dorothy. We have a different relationship." The new Mrs. B. has already appeared in one of his movies—just like Dorothy.



RON GALELLA

Madonna Unbound

"Welcome to the remaking of *Apocalypse Now*," **Sean Penn** told guests at his wedding to **Madonna** in 1985. The marriage certainly gave the world that impression: the tabloids bristled with months of their splits and spats and with his anti-paparazzi fisticuffs. Last week the Material Girl, 30, had had enough and filed for divorce—this time for good. "It's amicable," said a Penn spokesman. The 28-year-old actor once said, "Nothing I could possibly come up with is as important as her." Maybe they'll be happier as Penn pals.

Butt Out, Buddha!

Evicted from his hedonistic Oregon ashram three years ago, the **BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH** has settled down in Pune, near Bombay, where he recently told his 10,000 disciples that he no longer wanted to be called Bhagwan (God). His body, he proclaimed, was host to the ascetic soul of **GAUTAMA BUDDHA**. Days later Rajneesh kicked out Gautama, who he said disapproved of his Jacuzzi. "Four days are enough," said Rajneesh. "I say goodbye to you." His newest identity: "Zorba the Buddha," a pleasure-loving divinity who travels the 1,200 ft. between home and work in a Rolls-Royce equipped with TV, fridge and bar. Some guys never change.



LUDWIG—SIPA



JOEL WARREN

A Nice Place To Visit

Bernadette Peters may have played the Witch in the musical *Into the Woods*, but she's a wide-eyed waif when it comes to *Slaves of New York*, the movie of **Tama Janowitz's** 1986 subculture novel, due in March. Though raised in nearby Queens, Peters found the film's Manhattan settings alien. "It's a whole other world," says Peters. "People live in burned-out buildings." Janowitz, who has a cameo, thinks Peters has "downtown flair." As for her own movie debut, the author admits flubbing her lines, "which was funny because I wrote them myself."



ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY ROBERT RISKO

The Devil May Care

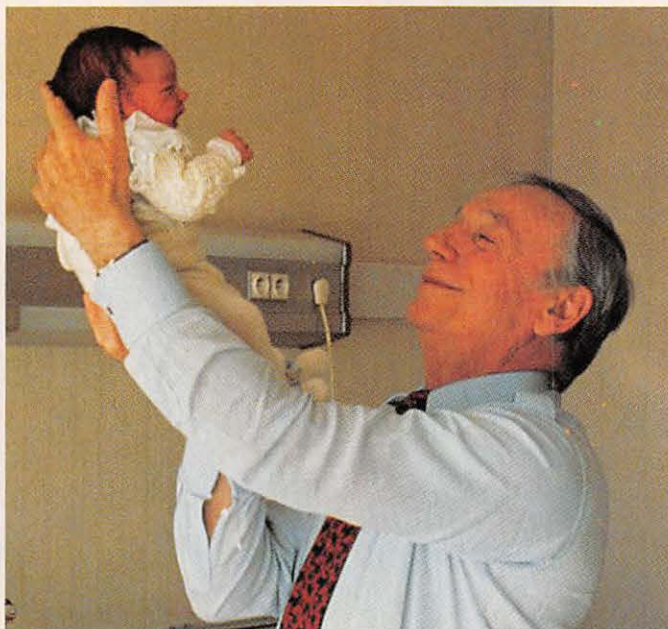
Just when you thought it was safe to turn on the TV set again, **Jim** and **Tammy Faye Bakker** are back! After two years the pass-the-loot couple has returned to

televangelism, although only on a few cable stations. On the second of their hour-long shows last week, the couple began a pledge drive, with Tammy's new album *Peace in the Midst of Storm* as a premium. A misty-eyed Tammy confessed that God spoke to her in her

closet ("That's where I do my screaming and crying"). Their disgrace, explained Jim, was Satan's doing. The devil saw that the Bakkers had been up to too much good and said, "This is it. I've got to smash Jim and Tammy." Guess he didn't swing hard enough.

Bringing Up Father

In his 67 years, **Yves Montand** has loved and lost many times but never once been a father. On New Year's Eve in Nice, **Carole Amiel**, 28, Montand's companion, bore him his first child, **Valentin Giovanni Jacques Livi**. "As far as I'm concerned, life begins today," said Montand, born Ivo Livi. "When I saw this bundle of flesh start to scream, I lost control of my emotions." French astrologers say Valentin, a Capricorn, will "admire his father intensely." But so have many others, from **Marilyn Monroe** to **Simone Signoret**.



A. CINQUINI-ANGELI

It Isn't Easy Being Chic



REIDER-SIPA

"When someone has enough to dress nicely, he wants to change clothes every day. When he can change every day, he then wants to change in the morning, at noon, in the afternoon and before going to bed."

—FIDEL CASTRO, perennially uniformed fashion trendsetter, explaining capitalist decadence

A Fishy Deal in the Freezer

Surreptitious surimi masquerades as choice seafood

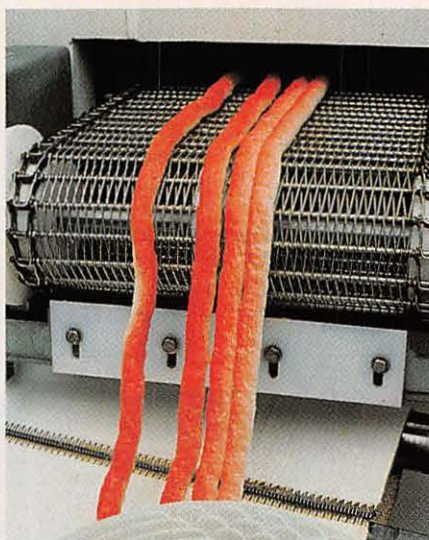
Surimi is a) slices of raw fish, b) George Bush's designated chief of staff, c) a tidal wave, d) a new compact car, e) a form of self-defense. The correct answer: none of the above. Few people recognize the name or know the product when they see it, but *surimi* is one of the hottest foods in the U.S. today. And though it sounds like an exotic delicacy, *surimi* is in fact the most pedestrian of edibles: a processed fish paste that serves, with a bit of doctoring, as an all-purpose seafood. *Surimi* now masquerades—often illegally—as crab, shrimp, lobster and scallops at salad bars, restaurants and supermarkets across the U.S. Knowingly and unknowingly, Americans will consume about 125 million lbs. of *surimi* this year, 20 times the amount eaten in 1980.

Long a staple in Japan, where it was developed nine centuries ago, *surimi* has become a fixture in the U.S. diet because of the growing popularity of fish as a health food. But since many kinds of seafood have become pricey, *surimi* is the cheaper alternative for restaurants and grocers. Fresh crab, for example, goes for \$15 to \$20 a lb., compared with \$5 to \$6 for *surimi* look-alikes.

Making *surimi* is fairly simple. Fish flesh, usually from the plentiful Alaskan pollack, is minced and washed in chilled water until it becomes a thick mass. It is then mixed with flavorings, preservatives and stabilizers—among them, sugar, salt, starch, monosodium glutamate—and shaped into blocks and frozen. To create crab or lobster look-alikes, slabs of *surimi*, sometimes laced with a few dollops of actual shellfish, are artfully molded into sticks and chunks and streaked with red



A little coloring and some artful molding turn pollack paste into sham shellfish: lobster tails, crab legs and crab claws



food coloring to mimic the real thing. Discerning taste buds, however, can tell the difference. *Surimi* tends to be salty-sweet, and its texture is rubbery.

Critics charge that *surimi* is a fishy deal. Declares Michael Jacobson of the Center for Science in the Public Interest, a Washington-based consumer group: "It just isn't as nutritious as regular seafood." A study by the National Food Processors Association found that *surimi* is lower in fat and cholesterol than many fish. But it also has less protein and is much higher in sugar and salt. A typical *surimi* product weighing 4 oz. has 735 mg of sodium, about four times what a similar amount of scallops contains and nine times the level in flounder. Moreover, the manufacturing process washes out a lot of vitamins and minerals, as well as oils like omega-3 fatty acids that are now thought to protect people from heart disease.

Producers acknowledge *surimi*'s nutritional shortcomings compared with other seafood. "It is a processed convenience food," says Lee Weddig of the National Fisheries Institute, a Washington trade group. "It is the same as Velveeta is to natural cheddar." Still, Weddig stresses that *surimi* is not inferior to many other foods. "It has more protein than eggs, yogurt and processed meat," he says.

Aside from nutritional concerns, critics fret that consumers are being misled. According to a 1985 ruling by the Food and Drug Administration, packaged *surimi* must be labeled "imitation" unless it has been fortified to be nutritionally equivalent to crab, scallops or whatever. But the regulation is frequently ignored by groceries and fish markets. Patrons of fast-food eateries, delis and restaurants, meanwhile, must look out for themselves. The only state to require that dishes made with imitation seafood be so identified on menus is Maine, where the real thing still remains supreme. —By Anastasia Tufexis.

Reported by Wendy Cole/New York



Guess which car has a higher resale value? Guess again.

Admittedly, it was close.

But when the final results were totalled, the Hyundai Excel GLS edged out the Mercedes 190E by a bumper.*

According to the 1988 July/August Kelley Blue Book, the Hyundai retained 87% of its original price vs. 83% for Mercedes.

And while some were rather surprised by the outcome, Hyundai owners weren't.

After all, consider everything the Excel comes equipped with. There's room

for five, reclining bucket seats, wall-to-wall carpeting, even an electric rear-window defroster.

There's also a rather selfish reason for the Excel's high resale value. Who could part with a car that comes with so many standard features—over 70 in all? Extras like an electronically tuned AM/FM stereo cassette with auto reverse. As well as free membership in the Cross Country Motor Club.®

Besides coming fully equipped, the Hyundai also comes with a 36 month/

36,000 mile Bumper-to-Bumper limited warranty (with no deductible required).**

And along with holding its value down the road, the Excel from Hyundai has a very reasonable price tag to begin with. Plus, a well-deserved reputation for being reliable and dependable.

All of which helps to explain why the Excel is one of the few stylish cars that doesn't lose its figure.

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16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85